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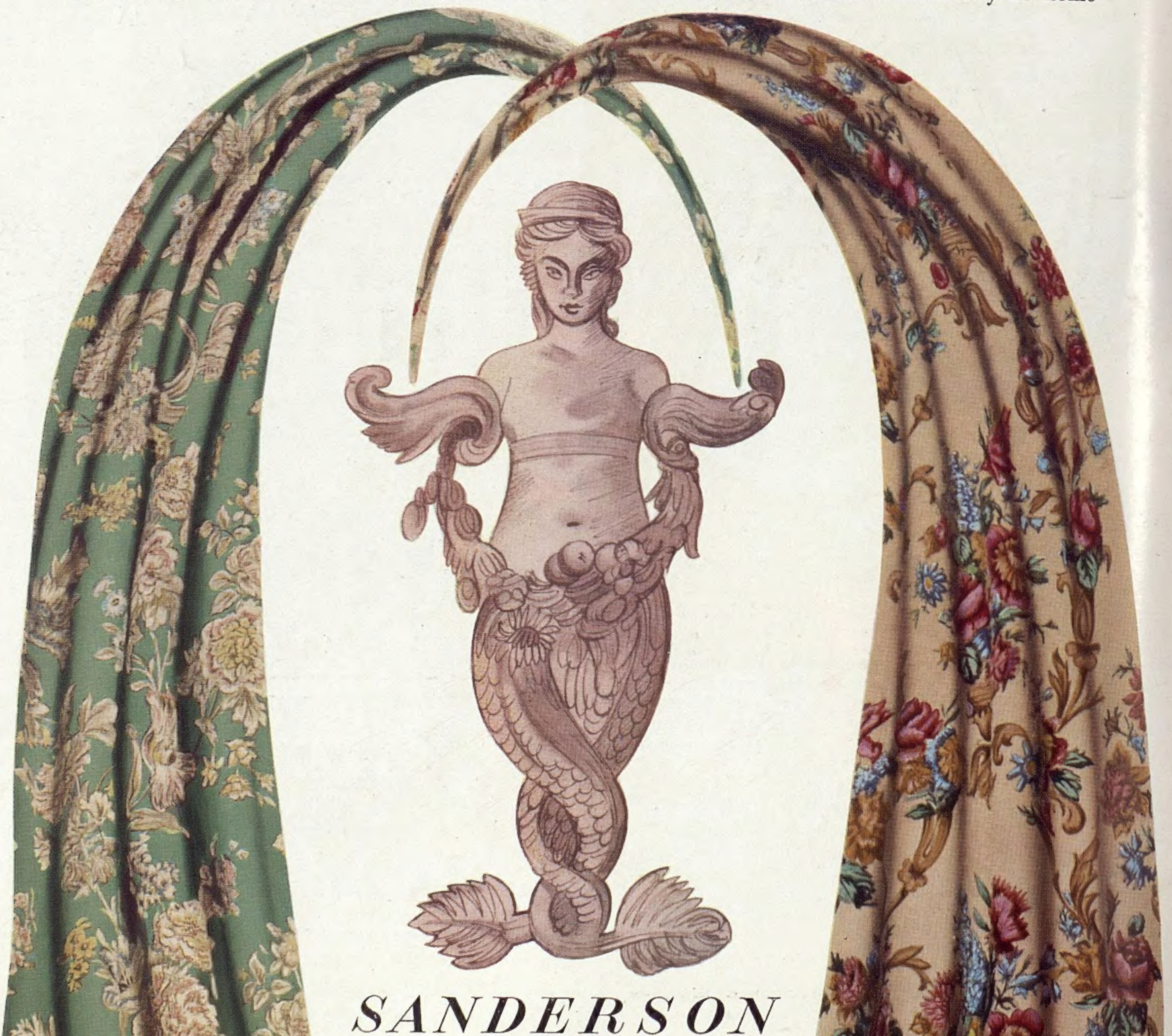

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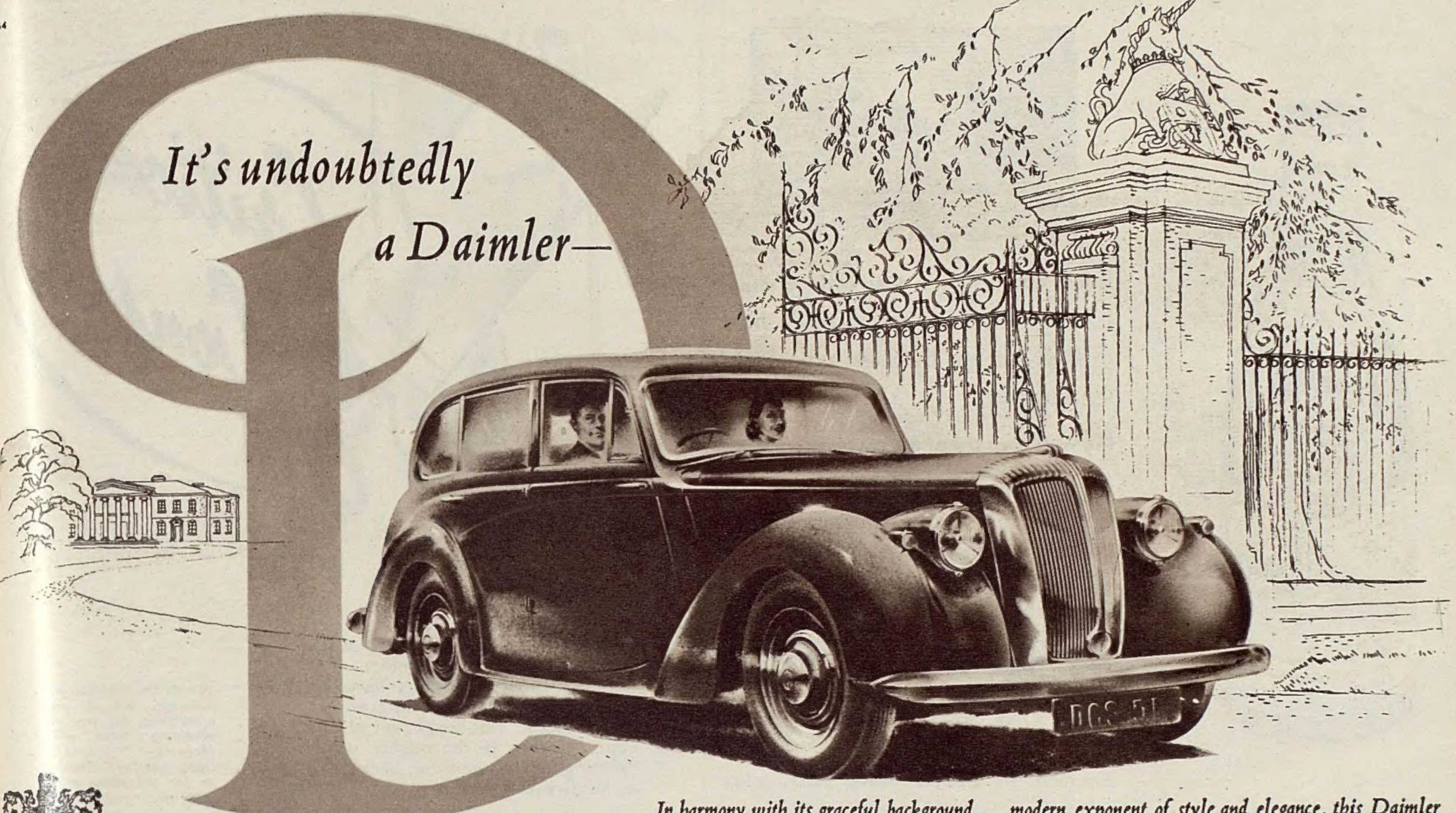

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**Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents*

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It's the nearest thing to a traffic jam I've seen lately.
Have they all run out of petrol ?
No—they're all trying to get to the same place.
But that reminds me—I must fill up.
Which pump shall I look for ?
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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1951

INTRODUCING KERIMA, a lovely Arab girl who plays Aissa in Carol Reed's film version of Conrad's *An Outcast of the Islands*, starring Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, Robert Morley. After an all-but global search for a girl who combined beauty, dignity, a proud and graceful carriage, Reed found these qualities in Kerima, whom he met in Algiers.

OUR NEW HOME.—*Summer in the Strand*, by Stephen Bone (Royal Academy 1949), shows, half-right, with concave façade, Ingram House, to which *The Sketch*, with the Illustrated Newspapers group, will move next week. In the foreground is the shell of the famous blitzed church of St. Clement Danes, where Dr. Johnson worshipped ; his statue in the tiny garden outside remained impervious to bomb or blast. Mr. Bone painted the picture in 1948 from the roof of Australia House.

Sketch-Book

BY HENRY LONGHURST

THE appearance of this issue of *The Sketch* will herald a migratory feat of no small order. It will mean that over a single week-end, before the next issue appears, all the six papers of Illustrated Newspapers will have been successfully moved, lock, stock and barrel, editors, office-boys, typists, and all, from Commonwealth House, in New Oxford Street, back to the original home of two of them in the Strand.

Ingram House, bombed out in the war, was the birthplace, 109 years ago, of the first illustrated newspaper in the world, the *Illustrated London News*. It was also the birthplace, a mere fifty-eight years ago, of *The Sketch*.

Back to the Strand ! The phrase calls to mind that most famous of all magazine story characters—Sherlock Holmes. When Conan Doyle " killed " Sherlock Holmes, protests poured in from all over the world—impassioned, cynical, vitriolic, but none more expressive than that of the woman who simply wired : " You brute ! " And when Doyle was at last compelled to resurrect the public hero, people fought for copies of the *Strand Magazine* as women fight for a consignment of nylons.

Either you are a Holmes " fan " or you are not. If you are, on no account miss his exhibition at Abbey House, Baker Street. Here what Christopher Morley called a " gateway to a vanished world " springs uncannily to life. As you gaze into the room Holmes occupied so long with Watson—one of the most familiar interiors in all literature—it soon ceases to occur to you that this is an illusion—just as it never occurred to the Press photographer who asked which of the exhibits had really belonged to Holmes.

Michael Weight, the theatrical designer, sadly uneducated when the Marylebone Council invited him to re-create the celebrated sitting-room, told me he spent six weeks reading the stories. As a result, his work has passed the test of the most

critical Holmesian scholars like Sir Desmond McCarthy and Mr. Ivar Gunn. A warm glow suffuses the room, a yellow fog swirls outside the bow windows, the *Daily Telegraph's* latest news of the Battle of Omdurman lies beside the unfinished tea and toast on the table, all the old familiar landmarks, as Holmes once called them, are there—and the gas-lamps have even blacked a couple of smudges on the ceiling.

Do young people still read the stories? Well, I spent nearly two hours gazing into this room, transported. A sixteen-year-old girl beside me was there when I arrived and there when I left, merrily quoting to all comers.

ANOTHER exhibition, the Academy, set me wondering whether the ability to pass unnoticed in a crowd may not sometimes be a relief to characters of public note. I first noticed Mr. Attlee inspecting, with feelings unrevealed by his inscrutable features, Cadogan Cowper's "Featherbed Farmer," a title based, of course, on a particularly embarrassing indiscretion by one of his lieutenants. As he passed from room to room, not a soul gave any evidence of being aware of the Prime Minister's presence. Yet the arrival of his predecessor, the Honorary Academician Extraordinary, would have set every gallery buzzing.

As a layman and Philistine, I do not fathom on what basis they choose pictures for the Academy. I saw, for instance, in the home of a successful artist who must be nameless, what three people present thought to be one of the most entrancing pictures they had ever seen. It shows a small flaxen-haired boy gazing, enwrapt, over the edge of a table on which he is building a house of cards, with the kings and queens standing out in cheerful colours. We thought it might have been the most widely reproduced picture of the year. How could it be turned down flat against some of the still-lifes of appalling dead mullet, green and orange kippers, empty champagne bottles and pots of glue?

AFTER making a minor hash of a Walker Cup broadcast the other day—I had read out with fine dramatic emphasis the wrong figures, relating to the wrong man, from the wrong set of notes—I fell, by way of consolation, to reflecting on what a lot of innocent fun there is in broadcasting, especially in outside commentaries. Raymond Glendenning, for instance, and his "waterless horse" in the National. Rex Alston ending the men's singles at Wimbledon with a crescendo "And he 's *won* the thing!" John Snagge at the neck-and-neck Boat Race a couple of years ago revealing: "There 's nothing in it, nothing in it . . . can't see which is in front . . . it 's either Oxford or Cambridge."

The best of these tales, of course, concerns Stuart Hibberd in the old 2LO days of Savoy Hill, when they filled in the gaps with selections on a pianola. Having announced that he would now play Beethoven's Something-or-other in C sharp minor, he advanced to the machine to put it on. A series of unaccountable noises then came over the air, and hurried investigation showed Hibberd to be attached inextricably to the instrument by his tie, which was caught in the roll of music, with the pianola manfully attempting to play it.

What is more, it is said, he *did* have in his pocket a pair of scissors and, anticipating Madame Patachou by several years, he *did* cut off his tie. We are all familiar with the cornet player who "played a fly." This is believed to be the first time in history that a man has tried to play his tie.

WHAT strange mental malaise has been addling the inhabitants of Ascot, Camberley and Sunningdale? Is it the horse-racing, the golf or the Staff College? Two years ago, almost to the day, a member of Sunningdale, Mr. F. R——, who lives at Ascot, sent me a "chain of good luck." According to the instructions he must have copied it out twelve times and sent it to eleven other people as well, anyone failing to do so within seventy-two hours being threatened with dire penalties such as that which befell "Detective Segunde D. Willeneuve, of the City of Bagnio, who laughed at this chain of good luck and met instantaneous death in an accident on June 14, 1948."

I tore up the epistle, remarking with uneasy jocularity that I would be hanged if I would, etc., etc., at the same time half-suspecting I might be hanged if I didn't. The fact that all went well and that I have not yet shared the fate of poor Detective Willeneuve prompts me to treat in the same fashion the same letter, which reached me once again this morning, from a gentleman in Camberley.

I suppose the citizens of Ascot, Sunningdale and Camberley have been tossing this nonsense to and fro for the last two years. I like to think of them assembling on their way to the City in the morning, each with his *Times*, black hat, rolled umbrella and air of knowing more than he is able to reveal. I hear the inspired whispers about Bats, Emmies, and Jarvis's in the 3.45; the authoritative pronouncements on where MacArthur went wrong and what Morrison should have done about Anglo-Iranian. And home again after the gruelling five-hour day I see them retiring to their private sanctums—"a few things to clear up from the office, my dear"—and there copying laboriously twelve times "This chain of good luck was started in Africa by a French officer under General de Gaulle and is going round the world for the first time. Det. B. Willeneuve . . . ." But I should be grateful if in future they would include me out.

ONE of the curious phenomena of the age is the psychiatrist (or, more familiarly, the trick-cyclist). A high-level exponent of the art has just secured vast headlines in the paper-starved Sunday journals by informing us, among other things, that we are sex-obsessed and emotionally immature, and that woman is the slave, the helot and the chattel (hear! hear!).

My mind goes back to a night when dark deeds were afoot in the little town of Haltwhistle, in Northumberland, where I was serving at the time. Up one of the grey stone alleyways a shot rang out in the darkness. Soon, materialising from nowhere, a crowd was gazing down on the prostrate form of Sergeant X, who revealed that he had been shot in the ankle. In view of the latter's nocturnal practices, there was talk of jealous husbands, *cherchant la femme*, and so on, till a police inspector observed that, while the unhappy sergeant had undoubtedly had his trousers on at the time, the bullet had not in fact passed through them. You know my methods, Watson. . . .

The finger of guilt veered to Gunner X, who was charged with shooting his elder brother at his own request, to save him the inconvenience of serving overseas. I was briefed for the defence, and my "client," a palpably sane, lusty young man, was in the meantime sent to the trick-cyclist. Back came a long form declaring, among other things, that he was "so mentally unbalanced as to be wholly unaware of his actions." Full of confidence, I travelled the length of England for the court-martial—only to find my star witness, a Lieutenant trick-cyclist, nervously fingering his tie, confessing that he "thought he just remembered the fellow but was called away and only saw him for five minutes," and confronted by a Major trick-cyclist who said there was nothing wrong with my man at all!

The latter got 84 days. The Lieutenant trick-cyclist got clean away.

Henry Longhurst

"..ABILITY TO PASS UNNOTICED.."

"..THE PIANOLA MANFULLY ATTEMPTING TO PLAY HIS TIE.."

* * * * * *

"..WOMAN IS THE SLAVE, HELOT, AND CHATTEL.."

"..THE LIEUTENANT TRICK CYCLIST GOT CLEAN AWAY.."

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.

American comedian Bob Hope was handed his ball by C. L. Fox on the eighth green.

Walkie-talkie apparatus made intercommunication with the clubhouse easy from all parts of the links.

Knowles and Stranahan held up, hoping Stranahan's ball would be blown into the hole.

OUT-OF-DOORS

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT ROYAL PORTHCAWL

By James Carpenter

DICK CHAPMAN, of Pinehurst, U.S.A., started his quest for the Amateur Championship in 1935 and, apart from the war years—during which he became a P.R.O. in one of the services and his mother wrote anxiously to know whether it would not affect his amateur status—he has been coming here continuously ever since.

He earned his title by a combination of persistence, practice and sheer good golf, and I fancy that people here, if given the choice of which American was to take home the trophy, would have voted overwhelmingly for Chapman—if only for the fact that he had already figured in two post-war finals and this was "third time lucky."

A Walker Cup year always means a "vintage" Championship, and this was an exception only to the extent that so few of our own team—mostly for business reasons—were able to enter. In their absence, the home honours went to the semi-finalists, Joe Carr and Albert Evans. Carr, a law unto himself, relies solely on the inspiration in his hands. He lashes at the ball with a fine abandon, can play devastating golf, but has no model swing to fall back upon if the "feel" of it leaves him.

Evans, Welsh Champion of two years ago—Evans the Golf, they were calling him—is precisely the opposite. Stockily built, weathered by the outdoor life of his farm, he grasps the club firmly in two hands, gives the

R. Chapman (U.S.A.) got neatly out of a bunker on the fourth fairway in the final.

C. R. Coe (left), the runner-up . . . failed with his putt on the fourteenth green (above) . . . giving the match to R. Chapman (right).

ball a straightforward bang, wastes no time about it, and looks as though he could go on doing it till kingdom come. His feat in beating two Americans in one day was beyond praise.

The runner-up, Charles Coe, of Oklahoma, made a great impression on his first visit to this country, and the more that people saw of him, the more they lifted their hats to Ronnie White for beating him over thirty-six holes in the Walker Cup. Not all the leading golfers in this utilitarian age are stylists, however effective their results may be. Coe, tall, pencil-thin, is a stylist of the old school with an obviously inborn sense of rhythm that would never let him move either himself or a golf club in jerks. Only twenty-seven, he has many years of golf before him, but his digestion, like that of Bobby Jones, does not take kindly to the mental rigours of championships. A mid-day diet of soda-water was a poor foundation for the final round.

The earlier proceedings were enlivened by the presence, for one round, of the comedian, Bob Hope. His golf is good enough to justify his playing in the Championship, though few of the people who followed him cared very much about that. The wisecracks and play-acting with which he accompanied it, however, led to lively controversy, critics in such widely separated spheres as *The Times* and *Sunday Pictorial* appearing for the prosecution, Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., briefing himself for the defence. Bob Hope takes his golf quite seriously, so perhaps the answer is that, just as he would not presumably treat the customers at the Prince of Wales Theatre to a serious dissertation on golf, he would do better to leave his professional character behind him if he played again in the Championship, as we hope he will. If he wants a model to copy, he could look at Donald Peers, who also played at Porthcawl but without, so far as I know, bursting into song.

Porthcawl is that rare phenomenon, a seaside course from which you really see the sea—so much so, in fact, that it was only a hundred-odd yards from the third green that a tanker was swept on to the rocks and the gallant men of the Mumbles lifeboat lost their lives. On a calm day, Porthcawl can be easy; with a gale blowing up the Bristol Channel it can become terrific. On the whole, it was in kindly mood for its first Championship, and those who had eyes for anything but the golf—for the innumerable varieties of wild flowers and birds, for instance, for the Black Mountains and Brecon Beacon on one side and the coast of Somerset shimmering across the sea on the other—looked forward to the time when they would be playing, or watching, at Porthcawl again.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. W. Neale.
Paper sculpture by Bruce Angrave.

C. R. Coe (U.S.A.; right) congratulated R. Chapman (U.S.A.) on winning the championship.

THE RICHEST-EVER DERBY—EASILY WON

AT last, for the first time in five years, the French challenge in this historic race failed. Irish Mr. Joe McGrath's *Arctic Prince*, C. Spares up, brought home by six lengths to his owner the Cup and £19,386—the biggest Derby prize ever known. A photo-finish gave Lord Milford's *Sybil's Nephew*, ridden by E. Mercer, second place over Mr. F. W. Dennis's *Signal Box*, M. Molony up. It was Spares' first ride in the Derby, and his mount *Arctic Prince* was bred by Mr. McGrath, a Dublin man who owns four studs in Ireland, and who instigated the famous Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes. *Inset*: the start, showing, left, with L. Piggott up, Mr. G. Rolls' *Zucchero*, the "horse who has to be told," with his trainer shouting "Go!" to him. But he didn't get there. *Right*: Mrs. Joe McGrath triumphantly led in her husband's six-lengths winner.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

MAY 22.

HORTICULTURAL: Misses Edwina de Winton Wills and Venetia Weeks wore flowers, and sold them, too, at the Flower Ball at the Savoy—proceeds to St. Loyes College for the Rehabilitation of the Disabled. Princess Elizabeth at the Ball ; is on another page.

MAY 22.

NAVY LEAGUE BALL: Miss M. Millington-Drake and Lieut. M. Heathcote took supper during the Navy League Dinner Ball at the Dorchester.

HORTICULTURAL.

NAVY LEAGUE BALL.

MAY 22.

SUNSHINE BALL: At Claridge's, the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children Ball, Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter joked with the Duchess of Northumberland, President of the affair.

MAY 23.

TOXOPHILITE: Annual competition of the Royal Company of Archers (the King's Bodyguard in Scotland) took place on the Musselburgh links. The Silver Arrow for which they shoot is thought to be one of the oldest sports trophies in existence. Monocled Colonel Hamilton Meikle loosed an arrow at the "clout."

SUNSHINE BALL.

TOXOPHILITE.

MAY 23.

AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE: Massed members gave loyal welcome to their Royal visitors when their Majesties, with Princess Margaret, visited London's Stock Exchange on the 150th anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of present building.

MAY 23.

DIPLOMATIC LAUNCHING: At Glasgow Señora Doña Yolanda Sosa-Rodriguez, wife of Venezuela's Ambassador in London, performed naming ceremony at launching of British-built cargo motor-ship *Ciudad de Barquisimeto* at Govan.

AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

DIPLOMATIC LAUNCHING.

Date — (Our Social

AT CHRISTIE'S.

CLAY PIGEONS.

MAY 23.

AT CHRISTIE'S: Auctioned by Sir. Henry Floyd were 300 gifts, in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund. Many of them from famous collections, and of historical value. Here: Lady Mountbatten has bid for, obtained, small silver bust of the Duke of Windsor.

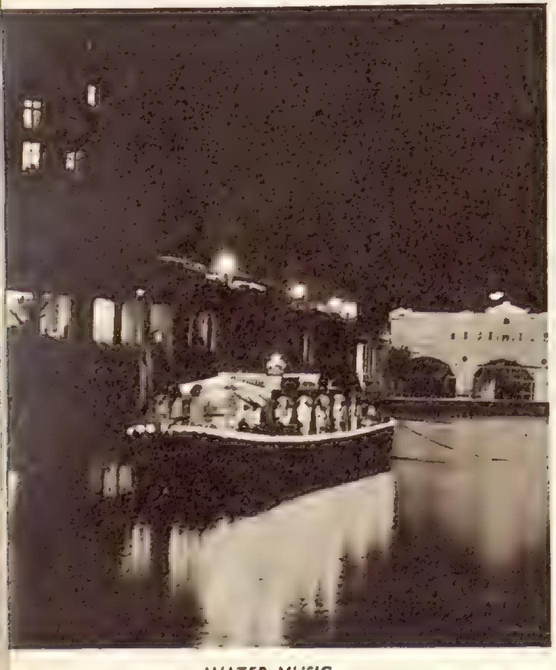
MAY 25.

CLAY PIGEONS: Countess Orssich, wife of the show-jumper, and accomplished horsewoman herself, fired in first leg of Clay Pigeon Shooting Association at Northolt. Members from all parts of British Isles competed.

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN

MAY 25.

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN: At Grosvenor House all the clans for the biggest-ever Royal Caledonian Ball. Usual array of tartans, with pipes, and reels, a scene of barbaric brilliance. The Duke of Atholl with the Marchioness of Lansdowne, headed by pipes and drummers of the Scots Guards, led the set reel dancers on to the floor. Right: Miss Rosemary Watson and Lieut.-Commander J. Johnston looked on.



WATER MUSIC.

MARCH — GRENVILLE-GRAY WEDDING

MAY 26.

WATER MUSIC: Gliding along in stream of light, the illuminated Boyd Neel Orchestra, in 18th-century dress, performed Handel's *Water Music* on a barge on the Avon, during the Water Pageant of the Bath Assembly at Bath. Mr. Neel impersonated G. F. Handel! In background the Pulteney Bridge, floodlit.

MAY 26.

MARCH—GRENVILLE-GRAY WEDDING: At Holy Trinity, Brompton, the Earl of March and Kinrara, son and heir of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, married Miss Susan Grenville-Gray, daughter of Col. C. E. Grenville-Gray, of Westrop House, Highworth, Wilts.

Book

(Diary - Cont.)

DERBY PERSONALITIES.

MAY 30.

DERBY PERSONALITIES: The sun shone, the going was perfect, and all present and correct for the world's richest Derby (see another page for the field) were masses of excited people. On the left, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke walked to the course with a tip in their hearts. On the right: members of the Royal party, her Majesty with Princess Margaret and Lord Blandford, joking with Lord Rosebery, on the extreme left. A dark horse from Ireland was about to make the running in a most exciting race, photographs of which are on another page.

Left, a propos dress. Mindful of possible gales, Mrs. Miller Mundy wore close-fitting hat with a cluster of marguerites. With her, Swedish-born Mrs. David Niven in a black velvet cap, took no chances. Right: an American visitor seeing her first Derby and wishing above all to be appropriate, sported a blue-trimmed red jockey-cap and horsey-looking check coat, is Mrs. Willard Larsen from California.

RECEIVED MAY 30.

EMBASSY PARTY: Occasion being the anniversary of the Argentine Independence Day, on May 25 a reception was held at the London Embassy. In picture H.E. the Argentine Ambassador Señor Hogan (right) talked with Mme. Gonzalez de Mendoza y de la Torre, wife of the Cuban Ambassador, who 's in centre.

JUNE 6.

REHEARSAL for to-day's opening of the Royal Tournament at Earl's Court, shows one of the thrills you 'll find in this thrilling event. Sgt. F. Wells, of Selbourne, and his mount took it all in the day's work rehearsing jumping through a blazing hoop.

EMBASSY PARTY.

REHEARSAL.

Date-Book (Abroad)

GOVERNORS MEET.

$10,000 GOLF.

NAVAL WEDDING AT MALTA.

. . . A LITTLE LAMB.

SOAP-BOX DERBY.

MESSAGE FOR TITO.

MAY 8.

GOVERNORS MEET: Governor of the Bahamas, Major-General R. A. R. Neville (left), met the Governor of Bermuda, Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood, when the latter arrived at Prince George Wharf, Nassau, on maiden voyage of the *Ocean Monarch*. Mrs. Neville is left.

RECEIVED MAY 16.

$10,000 GOLF: White Sulphur Springs, Va. *L. to r.:* Paul Shields won the amateur award, Sam Snead winner of 72-hole $10,000 Tournament. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

MAY 17.

NAVAL WEDDING AT MALTA: Lieut. Henry Bruce, son of Capt. the Hon. John and Mrs. Bruce, of Itchen Abbas, near Winchester, married Miss Vernon William-Powlett, daughter of Vice-Admiral P. B. R. W. William-Powlett, Flag Officer Destroyers, and Mrs. William-Powlett, of Villa Pieta, Guardamangia.

RECEIVED MAY 24.

. . . A LITTLE LAMB: At the gala fashion show, *Nuit de la Chemiserie*, in Paris, Mme. Henri Faury won a lamb in a lottery.

MAY 27.

SOAP-BOX DERBY: Prince Ingolf of Denmark, son of Prince Knud, Denmark's Heir-apparent, beat Hans Gissel Giesslingen in a heat of the Soap-box Derby over a 400-metre course near Frederiksburg Castle, North Zealand. The little Prince finished eighth in a field of twenty.

RECEIVED MAY 29.

MESSAGE FOR TITO: A sword containing a congratulatory message from Montenegro was sent by traditional Tito relay race for Marshal Tito's birthday in Belgrade. It was the Marshal's first appearance since his recent illness.

A PRESENT FOR PRINCE CHARLES

During the Flower Ball at the Savoy, in aid of St. Loye's College for the Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled, of which she is patron, Princess Elizabeth was delighted to accept, for her son, the gift of a toy cooking-stove made for him by the men. Complete with a set of tiny copper cooking-pans, the stove is wired for electrical working. Just behind her Royal Highness is Lieut. Michael Parker, R.N., equerry to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. On the right, the Hon. Piers St. Aubyn.

Candid Cameo

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

By James Dowdall

TO the man in the street the President of the Board of Trade is a mysterious figure. The bluff or angry trades unionist, the earnest suburbanite, the pipe-smoking intellectual, even the ascetic university scholar—all are Socialist types whom he has come to recognise. But Shawcross is none of these. His suave manner, the trace of mockery with which he will turn a point back on its author with some apt classical quotation, and his Foreign Office clothes and voice belong more to the up-and-coming ex-Oxford Union and Bullingdon President than to the urgent Socialist reformer. Moreover, it has been whispered (in the tones usually reserved for a secret vice) that he is a crypto-fox-hunter and under-cover-yachtsman —an accusation based on the fact that he rides horses and owns a racing boat. Even the newspaper cartoonists cannot find anything obvious to caricature in his handsome and somewhat sardonic face. A strange Socialist indeed.

In fact he joined the Labour Party as a signed and paid-up member when he was sixteen. He was then intending to become a doctor; and nobody who knows him to-day would have difficulty in picturing him standing before an Adam fireplace in Harley Street, calves and shoulders stretched back, his hands pressing down into his trouser pockets, dispensing to some elderly dowager the mixture of learned diagnosis and reassuring chaff which constitutes the perfect consulting-room manner. But, by chance, he met Jimmy Thomas when he was nineteen. And Thomas, impressed by his remarkable self-assurance and command of language, persuaded him to go for the Bar and politics.

Though naturally lazy and pleasure-loving—as he will be the first to admit—Shawcross had inherited a distinguished academic family tradition, which helped him to win first place in all his Bar exams. But a "first" is of little value in itself to a young barrister: too often it is accompanied by a scholarly mildness of style which draws no blood in the cut-and-thrust of day-to-day Common Law practice. But it soon became clear that the young Shawcross wielded a keen and dangerous blade, and sometimes, when the mood was on him, he would hit his adversary with the flat as well as the edge of his sword. "No doubt you will soon be writing a book on procedure," sniffed a venerable silk whom he had ticked off in the most colloquial terms for interrupting him. "Yes," he answered breezily, "and I shall send the first copy to you."—"I certainly shouldn't read it," growled the silk. "I don't expect you would," said Mr. Shawcross, beaming all over with pleasure at himself, "however much good it might do you." The Magistrates' Court, which probably had not heard such a sublime essay in schoolboy effrontery since F. E. Smith's time, dropped its poise altogether and roared with fourth-form appreciation.

In 1934, at the age of thirty-three, Hartley Shawcross took his own chambers. Furnishing a new set of chambers usually involves merely the purchase of a sober brown carpet, some brown chairs, and a few "Spy" cartoons of Avory and Carson. But Shawcross would have none of it. In a room into which the sun streamed with most unjudicial optimism he installed some light-green chairs with a deep carpet to match, painted the walls in green and cream and, by housing most of his books in the next room, left space for a set of brightly-coloured maps of the "Here-bee-Dragones" type which adorn the halls of four-star market-town hotels. And to rub salt in the wounds he always sported, in summer, an immaculate white drill jacket over his barristerial trousers, so that solicitors at first blow got the weird impression that they were consulting a sort of Olympian dentist in the waiting-room of a fashionable clinic. Had he not had the personality to carry it off, they might have looked askance at this studied gesture of independence. As it was, they accepted it at its face value, deciding that he was flirting with the conventions rather than flouting them, and found themselves stimulated and slightly tickled by the whole performance.

From this point his practice began to soar, and would doubtless have taken him steadily to the top in a very few years had not a fortuitous set of circumstances helped him to place himself there in a few weeks of blazing publicity. What happened was that his leader in the Gresford Colliery Disaster Enquiry went sick, leaving him to fight the case alone at a time when he had also been briefed for the prosecution in Rex *v.* Buck Ruxton. And in spite of the fact that in the Gresford Enquiry he had appeared for the owners—a point sometimes thrown at him by the extreme Left—the miners were so impressed by his fairness that a few weeks later they briefed him to defend twelve of their number who appeared on riot charges at the Welsh Circuit Assizes. He got them all off! Hartley Shawcross had arrived.

In spite of the aura of levity which never seemed entirely to leave him, when he was working he worked like blazes. If not engaged in court he would arrive in chambers on the stroke of 9.15, settle his papers, and for two hours the only sound would be the restless scratching of his pencil. Then, abruptly, he would fling it down with such exuberance that its point often broke and it would go ricochetting across the room, and shout to his clerk, "Kenneth! Let's all have some coffee and things." And out of his drawer would come the sheaf of glossy speedboat catalogues which were perpetually fighting for his attention like the shilling thrillers in a schoolboy's locker. A quarter of an hour later, the coffee parade over, the scratching would be resumed and would continue until six o'clock—with half-an-hour for lunch and ten minutes for tea. A minute later he would be jabbing the self-starter of his car with a kind of triumphant savagery as though he were making a break for freedom under the shadow of a prison wall.

On Saturdays he would arrive at his chambers dressed in a faultless but comfortably cut grey check suit and a light-red or blue polka-dot tie, looking rather like a young sporting country gentleman dressed for church on Easter Sunday. With him he would bring his huge St. Bernard, anchoring it in the tiny general office, where it would lie, sprawled out and gazing with mournful detachment at his surprised clients—who had to step over it in order to reach his door—until his consultations were over. As soon as he had finished his appointments he would sweep up his wife and be off to North Wales as fast as his wheels would take him. And when law term finished, he would be on his way to Cornwall, where his boat lay, before anybody else had started packing.

But to-day it is all work and no play. Shawcross was possibly the hardest worked Attorney-General in English history: now he is working equally hard at his latest political post. Even his boat was laid up last summer.

Yet the old spark still lives and crackles out now and then when you visit him at the Board of Trade. His carriage is still that of a school cricket captain, and there is not a grey hair in his head. But there is a tension in the muscles of his jaw and a kind of nostalgia in his voice which makes you realise that the burdens of office weigh heavily on his naturally jaunty shoulders.

Suddenly, however, he will be reminded of some absurd incident from the past, and the mask will dissolve in a second. He will twist one leg round the other, throw himself back in his chair, whack his hand on his thigh and explode with the kind of laughter which most people lose in their middle twenties. Then the telephone rings, the forehead contracts, and the voice of authority gives forth its careful, modulated opinion—still ending, however, with the sing-song "Good-bye," pitched on two rising notes like those of a distant bugle, which have always been his telephonic trade-mark. And, remembering the forest of responsibilities which have now encompassed this once gay and debonair spirit, one cannot help recalling the famous line: "*Dieu! Que le son du cor est triste au fond du bois.*"

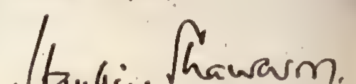
★

Who . . . Me?

. . . and wot an indictment! The classical defence in a criminal trial is for the prisoner to say either:

(1) I did not do it; or
(2) I was not there; or
(3) the prosecution's another, anyway.

I rely on all three, and if I were to attack the prosecution in the shape of Jimmy Dowdall I could a tale unfold. But perhaps, after all, I had better not.



Photomontage by Angus MacBean.

LAWYER AND POLITICIAN: THE RT. HON. SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, K.C., M.P.

AMERICA'S YEAR-OLD STAGER

"CAROUSEL" reaches its first anniversary at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to-morrow, June 7. One of the famous Rodgers-Hammerstein musicals bred on Broadway, and a successor to *Oklahoma!*, it is marked by that slick style and spirit which is characteristic of the famous partnership. *South Pacific* from the same stable is expected at Drury Lane in the autumn. Here are photographs from *Carousel*.

Above: The company in a smash-hit song, "June is Bustin' Out All Over." *Left:* Barbara Lee-Smith as Carrie Pipperidge, and William Thorburn as Enoch Snow, singing "When the Children Are Asleep." *Right:* The first meeting in an amusement park of Laverne Burden as Julie Jordan, and Edmond Hockridge as Billy Bigelow. *Below:* The finale, outside a school on Graduation Day.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

AMERICA'S NEXT STAGE

"THE KING AND I," at the St. James Theatre, New York, is a new Rodgers-Hammerstein musical based on Margaret Landon's novel, *Anna and the King of Siam*, and brilliantly directed by John van Druten. Gertrude Lawrence stars as a spirited, high-minded and courageous young English governess who goes all the way to Bangkok to teach the King's various assorted children—67 in all—the civilised ways of the Western world. Yul Brynner is the King—a man of ever-changing personality, who alternately shocks Anna with his Oriental arrogance and barbaric ferocity, and appeals to her with his loneliness, tenderness and desire to improve himself and his people. It is a colourful, Oriental pageant in superb taste, and the musical numbers are haunting and lovely. To mention a few: "Getting to Know You," "I Whistle a Happy Tune," "Hello, Young Lovers," and a high-spot beautifully done by Miss Lawrence and Mr. Brynner, "Shall We Dance?" Settings by Jo Mielziner, and costumes by Irene Sharaff, are elaborate and correct, contributing a Far-Eastern atmosphere.

Photographed by Van Damm.

Right:
Young Anna Leonowens (Gertrude Lawrence) arrives in Bangkok to take up her duties with the royal children of Siam's King.

Left:
The King (Yul Brynner) enjoys his education from Anna; hears her explanation on the informality of Western dancing.

Below:
The King shows Anna how they punish children in his country. Kneeling between them is Lady Thiang, his favourite wife (Dorothy Sarnoff).

Melvillainy

ENVY

On the bills of "The Lyric Revue"
The contributors number a score :
Composers, designers,
And other top-liners,
And authors of sketches galore.
Yet something is missing from view
In that lengthy contributing gang :
They 've omitted—the clots—
Those two little dots
Which have caused me an envious pang. . . .

I want a small dieresis like Noël Coward 's got.
I feel it adds distinction to one's name.
The moment he adopted it I envied him a lot :
I 'd give anything to have one just the same.
Though for fifty years he 's managed with an ordinary "e"
(He was born, the records say, in '99),
How astute of him to realise that, dotty though it be,
A dieresis is simply too divine.

I long for a dieresis like Noël Coward has.
It makes a vowel seem really much more chic.
Terry-Thomas has his hyphen ; that 's quite common now, whereas
A dieresis is terribly unique.
I can't think how he got it : it just suddenly appeared :
One day his vowel was normal ; then—sensation ! . . .
The daintiest dieresis Jamaica ever reared
Was added to delight the British nation.

I yearn for a dieresis like Noël's little dots.
Alas, it can't be done : my vowels won't function.
Although it looks as though one's name was coming out in spots,
I 'd change my own without the least compunction.
The French describe diereses as *toujours comme il faut* ;
Australians call the little dears fair dinkum.
I wish I 'd one like Mr. Coward, the lucky so-and-so—
Or failing his dieresis, his income.

ALAN MELVILLE.

LITERATURE.—William Sansom : For his gay but merciless study of a modern young woman—*The Face of Innocence.*

RADIO.—Alfred Marks : For the mischievous way in which he sings parodies of popular songs in that lively show of popular songs, "Top Score."

Frederick Laws

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—Michael MacOwan : For using St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, so imaginatively in his production of Christopher Fry's play of many dreams, *A Sleep of Prisoners.*

J. C. Trewin

SCREEN.—Fernandel, who so unfortunately mislays the body of his aunt in *The Cupboard was Bare* : a great French clown of theatre, vaudeville and screen, whose homely, passionless face and calculatedly helpless gestures speak an international language.

C. A. Lejeune

Richard Attenborough and Sheila Sim—married six years, though they look like teenagers—are brilliantly successful as *My Friends the Braithwaites*, on the stage in *To Dorothy a Son*, and on the screen. Besides this, at home they clip the garden hedge, listen together to the gramophone—an altogether successful marriage.

Bernard Braden and Barbara Kelly are stars of *Bedtime with Braden*. They are both Canadian-born, have two boys and a girl, and are a most jovial couple, though sometimes argumentative. Our picture shows them in their home on the bank of the Thames.

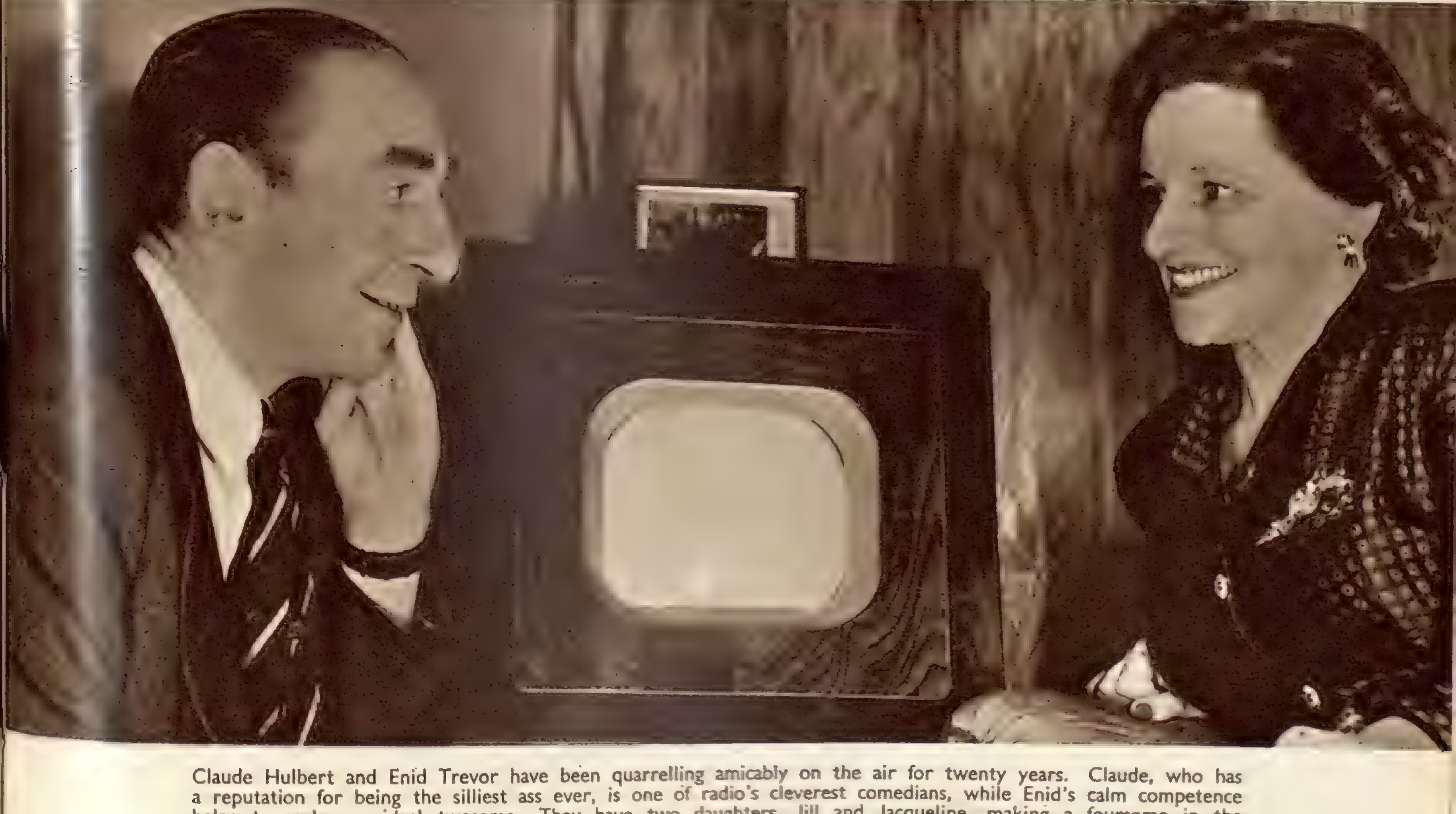
SIX PAIRS ON ALL WAVE-LENGTHS

BROADCASTING has produced a remarkable situation—the fact that husband and wife make a first-rate partnership before the microphone. These photographs show six famous couples whose partnership has made them famous all over Britain. The outstanding success of such evergreen broadcasters as Bebe Daniels and her husband Ben Lyon ; the meteor-like ascent to B.B.C. and Television popularity of Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden ; the twenty-five-year-old union before the altar, on the stage and in the air of Claude Hulbert and Enid Trevor, illustrate the fact that married bliss is highly popular on all wave-lengths. The proverb that "Two of a trade never agree" does not apply to the age of wireless—at least, offstage. Otherwise it is a feature of the programme itself, adding amusement and piquancy to the performance.

Twenty years of married life has not altered the fact that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are the happiest of couples. Their sensible working arrangement gives Ben the business side of life, while Bebe is in charge of production. This photograph shows them rehearsing at the B.B.C. recording studio in Regent Street, and their popularity over here follows years of success in American broadcasts.

Sylvia Marriott and Douglas Taylor are duettists on radio. They are well known for their popular broadcasts, and in private life they are happily married, with two small children. In the picture they are enjoying a few moments leisure with their dog.

Eric Barker and Pearl Hackney, radio comedians, were trained respectively in repertory and ballet. Neither considers comedy to be their metier, yet they are top stars in radio comedy to-day. In their new series, *Just Fancy*, they have lots of opportunity to act, and they are as happy in their radio partnership as at home in Kent.



Claude Hulbert and Enid Trevor have been quarrelling amicably on the air for twenty years. Claude, who has a reputation for being the silliest ass ever, is one of radio's cleverest comedians, while Enid's calm competence helps to make an ideal twosome. They have two daughters, Jill and Jacqueline, making a foursome in the happiest of homes.

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
From Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards, and Dick Bentley.

THREE SISTERS (Aldwych).
The Colonel drops in to see the yearning sisters. Tchehov in the star-spangled manner.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
Ronald Shiner and friends on an Orkney islet

KISS ME, KATE (Coliseum).
" Mr. Shakespeare, I 'd like you to meet Mr. Cole Porter. That little piece of yours about a Shrew. . . ."

WHO IS SYLVIA ? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
June still bustin' out all ove: in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play.

WHO GOES THERE ! (Duke of York's).
The Guardsman Who Dropped It.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Garrick).
Richard Attenborough is anxious, Yolande Donlan wide-eyed, and Sheila Sim invisible.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
Paul Schofield is still a pair of French twins.

WATERS OF THE MOON (Haymarket).
Dame Sybil and Dame Edith are snowed-up in a Dartmoor guest-house.

BLUE FOR A BOY (His Majesty's).
Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

HAMLET (New).
Shakespeare and Guinness.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
The late Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with its fine cast.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Donald Wolfit as the ex-stevedore who becomes H.E. the Governor of Salva.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (Princes).
Kay Hammond chases John Clements. Text by Shaw, with a five-hour version on Saturdays.

FANCY FREE (Prince of Wales).
Tommy Trinder, Pat Kirkwood, in a slam-it-over revue.

A SLEEP OF PRISONERS (St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street.)
Fry for a church, admirably produced and acted.

GAY 'S THE WORD (Saville).
So it is—and Cicely Courtneidge leads the gaiety.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN ! (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

*** COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (Westminster).**
Joyce Redman and Naunton Wayne are At Home.

* *Just withdrawn*

AT THE THEATRE.

★ First Choice ★

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

(St. James's)

CLEOPATRA, " lass unparall-el'd," is not the kind of part you can toss cheerfully to any player. She is a tigress burning bright and she is a queen incomparable in death. She is the serpent of old Nile, and she is fire-and-air. She must both rage and be " marble-constant." Her last speeches are Shakespeare at his golden zenith. I have seen some weird shots at the part. The most lamentable was that of a Russian comedienne who had three or four performances in London fifteen years ago, and who made fritters of English. And I seem to recall one or two efforts to persuade me that Cleopatra was a plump *prima donna*, to be played like a vamp of the silent films.

Naturally, we did not expect any of this nonsense at the St. James's. At one of the most exciting premières within memory, we found Cleopatra herself. Vivien Leigh can span the emotions of the part from the frenzy with the Messenger to the rapt, majestic close. She has no time for lush vulgarities, for reeling and writhing in coils. This Cleopatra is a beautiful and a Queen : she has a mind, she can sustain the soaring verse at the last.

I believe myself that Antony is a part fully as challenging. Sir Laurence Olivier now bears it with the ease expected of our First Player. His Antony is noble in ruin : whenever I read the tragedy in future, the voice in my mind must be Olivier's, the charged, tingling voice that puts " Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops, and all the haunt be ours " for ever in the memory. This Antony and Cleopatra have no need to maul each other, to play catch-as-catch-can. They let Shakespeare speak. That is—and gloriously—enough.

The company follows its leaders. Norman Wooland understands that Enobarbus is a blunt soldier; Robert Helpmann's Octavius Cæsar is a chip off the Cresta Run ; and, if you want again to know how much can be said in silence, observe the Charmian and Iras (Maxine Audley and Jill Bennett). With Roger Furse's sets to suggest Egypt and Rome, and Michael Benthall, with a revolving stage, to speed along a play in which Shakespeare seems to demand the impossible (note the direction, " the noise of a sea-fight "), this production becomes the crown of the London theatre.

It was inspiration to choose Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* to alternate with *Antony*. Here the Queen (Vivien Leigh) is still a kitten : she has much to learn from Julius Cæsar. Sir Laurence Olivier is the Cæsar, wise and commanding. Watch his eyes ; they have never been more expressive.

Norman Wooland as Enobarbus

Laurence Olivier as Mark Antony

Robert Helpmann as Octavius Caesar

. . with J. C. TREWIN

Richard Goolden as Lepidus

Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra

Esmond Knight as Menas

·GRIFF·

THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS
(*Wyndham's*)

THIS is, in effect, Peter Ustinov's agreeably original variety bill. He is entitled to call it a play, but it is a group of sketches set in and around a German castle in which the Sleeping Beauty (Moira Lister) wakes. You may prefer the sketch for the four Colonels'—English, French, Russian, and American—witty nonsense, with Colin Gordon drily charming as an English Colonel, and Theodore Bikel with a nice walking-out technique as the Russian. You may prefer one of the sketches in which the Colonels, in turn, act their secret selves in search of the Ideal Beauty (or words to that effect). Ustinov has here various chances to intervene as a cuckolded husband of French classical comedy, a Shakespearean clown, an American gangster, and a mooning Russian.

I should explain that Ustinov's part in his own play is that of a Bad Fairy who finds his job wearing at times. There is also a Good Fairy (Gwen Cherrell).

The piece (or eighty per cent. of it) is a witty and inventive fantasia, and Ustinov, as parodist of the masters of the past, is himself a past master. I like him when he wanders into a sub-Tchehovian playlet which has the telegraph poles of *The Cherry Orchard*, the swing of *Three Sisters*, and some seagull-talk. Moira Lister, whose Sleeping Beauty becomes very wide awake, enjoys herself best as a kinda tough (Saroyan) baby.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE
(*Vaudeville*)

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME'S chronicle of the reign of King James the Fourth of Scotland, from his accession to his death at Flodden (when the flowers of the forest were all "wede away"), has stayed powerfully in the mind since I saw it tried out two years ago. I recommend it now to Festival visitors as an exciting and not overcoloured drama, with the right kind of acting by Hugh Burden as the romantic King, ready to bow to a woman's word; Andrew Cruickshank, as the sternest of Scots nobles; and Frederick Leister, as a voice from the South. The night is very much worth while.

THE HAPPY FAMILY
(*Duchess*)

THE author, Michael Clayton Hutton, has worked hard in this piece about a South Bank family that defies the Festival of Britain. When the comedy does fizz up, it is usually owing to Thora Hird, to Tom Gill's terrifying B.B.C. blandness, or to Peter Copley, the soul of Whitehall. He recites statistics with the ecstasy of a moonstruck youth who has just discovered Shelley.

Next Stage

AN extraordinary team—it calls itself the First Drama Quartet—is coming to Britain in the *Don Juan in Hell* scene from *Man and Superman*. The members of the company are Sir Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke: Laughton has not appeared on the British stage for nearly fifteen years. First-nighters who want to see the Quartet will have to go to the Palace, Manchester, on Monday, June 18. The same Don Juan scene, Shaw's third act, has already been added to John Clements's London production at the Princes (Saturday performances; Esmé Percy as the Devil).

MR. BEATON.

The Gainsborough Girls, a first play by the designer and photographer, Cecil Beaton, will open at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on July 16 for three weeks during the Regency Festival. Mr. Beaton has designed the décor and costumes for the play, which Henry Sherek presents on behalf of the New York firm of Aldrich and Myers (Richard Aldrich is Gertrude Lawrence's husband). I gather that this piece, directed by Norman Marshall and opening in Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall during the late 1770's, will be presented in New York before it comes to London.

HENSON AS PEPYS.

Soon after his return from Cairo, Leslie Henson will begin rehearsals for a musical version, this autumn, of the late J. B. Fagan's Pepys comedy, *And So to Bed*. Jack de Leon is presenting the play, which has music by Vivian Ellis and will be directed by Wendy Toye. Henson, of course, is Pepys (the part created twenty-five years ago by Edmund Gwenn), with Betty Paul as his wife.

HULBERT AND HAY.

Jack Hulbert, though he has played straight parts on television, has not yet appeared on the legitimate stage. This autumn, however, he is to act in *The White Sheep of the Family*, a new comedy by L. du Garde Peach and Ian Hay, which sounds like a promising combination. It is certainly a promising title.

GETTING AROUND.

The Winter's Tale, with John Gielgud, Diana Wynyard, Flora Robson and Sir Lewis Casson (Peter Brook producing) begins at Brighton on June 11. . . . Jeanne de Casalis will appear to-morrow (June 7) in Agatha Christie's *The Hollow* at the Fortune: Hubert Gregg is the producer. . . . The Old Vic season has been extended until July 21, after which the company will have one week at Liverpool in *Henry the Fifth*. . . . Beatrix Lehmann and Douglass Montgomery are to open shortly at the Embassy Theatre in *Ghosts*. . . . The Watergate announces Firbank's *Princess Zoubaroff* to-night (June 6).

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . .

MR. KOFI-ODOI-ATSEM (left), for tapping out birthday greetings to Queen Mary on his drums.

TALKING-DRUMS still outmatch the telephone on Africa's Gold Coast for the swift passing-on of news, but it is surely unusual for a Queen to receive a birthday greeting on these ancient instruments. Yet at the Empire Day Festival Concert in the Kingsway Hall, Mr. Kofi-Odoi-Atsem and his "orchestra" from the Gold Coast beat a specially-composed message to Queen Mary in honour of her eighty-fourth birthday next day.

THESE WOMEN OF SOUTHAMPTON, for embarking on a modern "Bayeux tapestry."

ON the lines of the famous mediæval Bayeux tapestry which depicts the history of the Norman Conquest, the D-day story of the main invasion port of Southampton is being immortalised by these women in a 9-ft. tapestry. The design, which will take over a year to complete, was made by Miss C. M. Christison, of the Southampton School of Art. From left to right the workers are: Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Robb, Mrs. Ashford, Miss Watriage, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Turner Woolston and Mrs. Johnson, who have all passed an embroidery test.

MR. T. ATKINSON, for fitting rose-coloured spectacles to near-300 hens to make them take a kinder view of each other.

MR. T. ATKINSON, of Crowland, Spalding, had the happy idea of fitting some 300 of his 2,000 laying hens with these pink pince-nez after an outbreak of "cannibalism" and feather-picking. They have plastic lenses, fit on top of the beak, and don't interfere with breathing, feeding or laying. All killings have ceased since they were fitted.

LAURIE DONOGHUE, for keeping his eye on the rabbit.

BATTING for Horsley, Surrey, Cricket Club, Laurie Donoghue saw a rabbit running across the wicket. With instant decision he hurled his bat 12 yards at the animal and killed it. Undeterred by the incident, he retrieved his bat and continued to wield it to such purpose that he made 57 runs for his side.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

Inset: (Top) Captain A. S. Bolt, D.S.C., R.N. ("Ben" Bolt), *Theseus'* Commanding Officer; and (below) Commander R. W. Mayo, R.N.

THE OFFICERS AND PERSONNEL OF H.M.S. *THESEUS*, the Royal Navy's "ship of the year."

H.M.S. *Theseus*, light fleet carrier, steamed into Portsmouth last week, having done a wonderful job of work harrying the Reds in Korean waters. Her 4500 air sorties in eighty-six flying days of Korean war included a spell of sixty-six in one day, which occasioned round-the-clock work for air-crews and maintenance men. A number of crashed or stranded air-crews were rescued in Far Eastern territory, one at least by helicopter. Under Captain "Ben" Bolt, the entire personnel combined to make *Theseus* a "happy" and a hard-working ship. There were many promotions.

Right: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser (left), First Sea Lord, presented the Boyd Trophy (awarded for the year's finest feat of naval aviation) to Lieut.-Commander Gordon-Smith, D.S.C., who received it on behalf of the *Theseus*.

"THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE."—Mons. Puc, tax collector (Fernandel), thinks he has found the right cupboard at last. Perhaps . . . his aunt 's body is inside.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"THE GREAT CARUSO."—Mario Lanza, a very good operatic tenor with a voice of power and range, gives his interpretation of a very great one, in a story based on Signora Caruso's biography of her husband. Jarmila Novotna and Dorothy Kirsten, of the Metropolitan, help to make a bit of cinematic glucose musically exciting.

"WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS."—Dana Andrews in a savage but not ineffective thriller, about an American detective's dilemma in handling hoodlums without himself becoming one.

"ROSEANNA McCOY."—A trigger-happy celebration of an historic clan-feud on the borders of Kentucky and West Virginia. All the guns in the hills go blazing away, and there is a nice new heroine in Joan Evans, Sam Goldwyn's latest homespun discovery.

"A TALE OF FIVE CITIES."—Bonar Colleano, a post-war R.A.F. officer suffering from amnesia, searches Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London for five girls who may give a clue to his identity. One fine and funny sequence directed, I *fancy*, by an Italian hand; the rest so-so, and a little blue round the edges.

"THE SCARF."—Our Emlyn Williams strays, with wide-eyed maleficence, into a simple Hollywood thriller, and the whole audience is supposed to pretend they didn't know what he was up to.

"THE SUN SETS AT DAWN."—A close-up description of the last moments of an innocent man condemned to the chair for murder; dreadful, mawkish, clotted with metaphor, and very hard to take.

"PAYMENT ON DEMAND."—Mrs. Ramsey nags her husband into a dreary social round. After twenty married years he demands a divorce. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey: Barry Sullivan and Bette Davis.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by* C. A. LEJEUNE

"THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE"

WHY aunts should be funny is one of the mysteries of modern western civilization. Uncles are not funny; they are jolly, or wicked, or benevolent, or rich, but never comic. Nieces and nephews are not funny; nor are cousins; nor any other relatives, close or distant. But there is something about an aunt that makes her the proper object of a joke; turns her, in fact, into a verbal Aunt Sally.

"*Où est la plume de ma tante?*" was always a question provocative of mirth, and now we have a film in which the salient question is "*Où est le cadavre de ma tante?*," and that is even funnier still. The statement sounds heartless, but *The Cupboard Was Bare*, in which Fernandel is driven to distraction trying to locate the missing remains of his relative, is utterly and deliberately without heart. One touch of genuine human feeling, one person who really *cared* about another person, would have made the subject gruesome and repulsive. But there is none.

The basic idea of *The Cupboard Was Bare* is not new. We have had several films in the past—I remember one of George Formby's in particular—in which some important object was stolen, concealed in one of a dozen similar hiding-places, and desperately sought for by its owner, who kept missing the proper hiding-place by a hair. Generally the stolen object was a will or a map, something that could conveniently be hidden in the pocket of an overcoat, or the seat of a chair. The body of Fernandel's aunt, although a small one, is not so easily disposed of. When the tiresome old lady dies of cold, through obstinately travelling in midwinter in the cab of a furniture van, the driver, who wants no fuss with police patrols on the road, bundles her into a handy wardrobe, and hurries to deliver her to her nephew. Unfortunately, while he is breaking the sad news to the nephew, the van is stolen.

Thereafter, the frantic Fernandel pursues his search for the *armoire volante* from furniture store to auction room to theatre, and through all the identically-furnished bedrooms of an extremely dubious hotel. It has to be found, for, as his lawyer points out, there is a difference between death and decease, and without a body there can be no will and no inheritance.

It takes a comic artist of no common order to carry the subject off with sufficient lightness never to offend, but Fernandel is a master at this kind of trick; his blank face, gormless manner and deceptively fluttering gestures are used with tremendous calculation and skill, and it was not once, but many times, that I found myself irresistibly reminded of Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*. The rest of the acting is just right, the photography of wintry France impressive, there is some delightfully mischievous music, and the direction is as deft as it can be.

★

"PAYMENT ON DEMAND"

"I MADE him—now I'll break him!" declare the headlines of *Payment on Demand*, making it clear, without a peradventure, that Bette Davis has renounced the gentle levity that distinguished her performance in *All About Eve*, and is back again at the job of portraying a wicked lady.

The lady in question, a Mrs. Ramsey of San Francisco, is such a thoroughly tight-lipped, aggressive number that one wonders how her husband, whom we encounter on the point of seeking a divorce, has managed to endure her for twenty years. Her occupation is social climbing, and, as somebody points out early in her married life, she doesn't care who she steps on in the process. While still a mere girl in an Alice-in-Wonderland hair-do, she tricks her husband's best friend out of a job, so that a fortune in steel-contracts can come the Ramseys' way. She angles for invitations from hostesses who hate her. She never loses an opportunity of finding out her acquaintances' business secrets. She tries to prevent her younger daughter from marrying the man she loves, because he is the son of a taxi-starter and his name is Polanski. She nags her husband into a dreary social round, and when, for the sake of peace and quiet, he eventually moves over to his club with his pyjamas and toothbrush, and asks the lady for a divorce, she makes certain that he gets it the hard way, and surrenders everything to her in settlement, including the custody of the children.

At this point, I can't help suspecting, the producers began to entertain doubts as to how the film should end. Naturally, Miss Davis must suffer in some way; but exactly how, and to what effect?

Well, they begin by sending her away on a cruise, where she learns something about loneliness from a sailing chap from Falmouth and a depressed dowager who is reduced to living with a gigolo. A cable announcing her daughter's imminent marriage to Polanski brings her home, a chastened and contrite woman, precisely two days before her divorce is made absolute.

But will the long-suffering Mr. Ramsey take her back? Common sense says he would not, but the producers timidly suggest he will. After experimenting with four different endings, we are told, they have compromised with one in which Miss Davis, remembering the adage of an old aunt (another funny one) that life is what you make it, whispers to her husband that she has "found out what it means to be in love," and falls sobbing on his breast. Feeling, possibly, that she has gone too far, she then dries her eyes, tells him to think it over, and the film stops, rather suddenly.

There is good acting in *Payment on Demand*, but in a film so haphazard in its development that it might have been written any old way, I cannot help wondering if the effort was worth it.

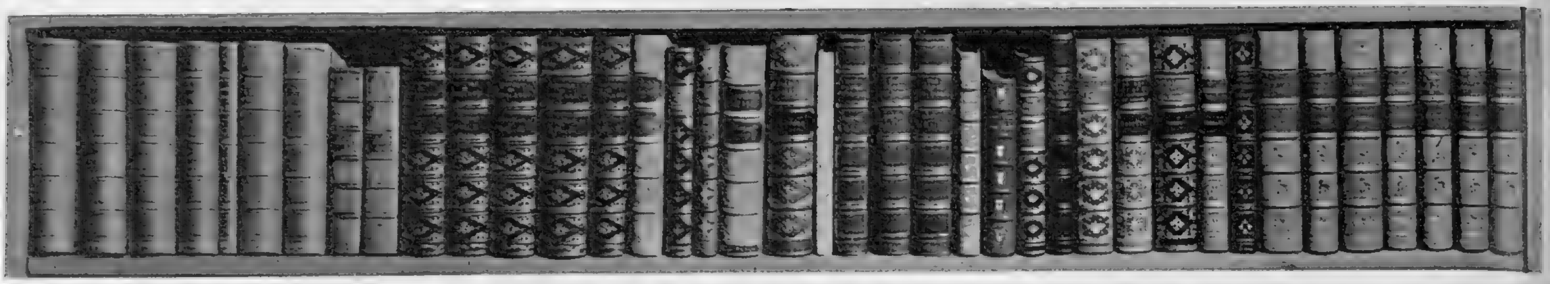
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

THE story of *The Lavender Hill Mob* centres round Mr. Holland, a minor official at the Bank of England, whose job it is to supervise deliveries of bullion from the gold refineries to the Bank. Beneath his highly respectable exterior, Holland cherishes a long-standing ambition to appropriate a million pounds' worth of gold bars so as to be able to live in luxury abroad for the rest of his life. The problem, of course, is how to get the gold out of the country after he has stolen it, and to this purpose he takes into partnership Mr. Pendlebury, a souvenir manufacturer who also has an export side to his trade. The theft and subsequent hilarious and hair-raising adventures between London and Paris should make this film a worthy successor to that other Ealing Studios product, *Passport to Pimlico*, which was written by the same author, T. E. B. Clarke. Due at the Odeon, Marble Arch, on June 28.

Right: Holland, the bank employee (Alec Guinness), greets Pendlebury, the souvenir manufacturer (Stanley Holloway), on the steps of the hotel.

Below: While Pendlebury examines a souvenir replica of the Eiffel Tower, Holland realises that the process by which the models are made is similar to that of making gold bars—and this gives him a startling idea.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE. By William Sansom. (*Hogarth Press ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE OLD RELIABLE. By P. G. Wodehouse. (*Jenkins ; 9s. 6d.*)

STAR QUALITY. By Noël Coward. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

WE ARE FOR THE DARK. By Elizabeth Jane Howard and Robert Hickman. (*Cape ; 10s. 6d.*)

MR. SANSOM the novelist is a far more direct and businesslike artist than Mr. Sansom the short-story writer. Without gesture or hesitation or noisy *Allez-houp !* he walks straight across the wire before him, balancing himself successfully between solemnity and facetiousness and achieving a fine, straightforward exhibition. A certain amount of deliberate virtuosity seems irresistible to him, but he is scarcely ever ostentatious. His story is one which might have been told by Sir Max Beerbohm or Mr. Somerset Maugham. A good honest stick of a man, who looks, we are told, like one of those line drawings illustrating ready-made overcoats, marries a young woman who, knowing herself to be the feminine counterpart of this, invents a romantic past for herself. She breaks it to her fiancé, with the maudlin contriteness of Tess, that she has had an escapade in the South of France with one man and another in England with an airman called Erik, now dead. Her righteous husband is horrified to learn later that these and other affairs in her past are wholly imaginary and is reduced to frenzy when Eve, saying she wants to take a last leave of one of her lovers, is seen to wait innocuously outside the building in which this invented being is supposed to be. She is caught out in a proven lie, gaily admits her habit of romanticising her dull background and laughs at herself for it. Then, of course, comes her real infidelity and we leave her husband mistakenly supposing her child to be his. In lesser hands this could have been a tinkling, artificial piece of narrative. Mr. Sansom makes it vital, amusing and sometimes profound. A most distinguished novel.

MR. WODEHOUSE calls his new book *The Old Reliable*, but the title, alas, is apt only in its application to a character in the story. It is as good as anything he has written, probably, but the magic of all his writing seems departed. Or perhaps it is the responsive magic in ourselves which is no more. At all events, this book makes heavy going. The mixture is as before. There is the enormously rich Mrs. Adela Cork who had been Adela Shannon, a star in silent films. There is her English butler, who hands a glass of yoghourt with the words "It is, however, excellent for the health, I believe, Sir. Bulgarian peasants drink it in large quantities. It makes them rosy." There is Mrs. Cork's impecunious brother-in-law, Smedley. There is Lord Topham, who describes the game of golf : "Well, the idea of the game is to bash the old ball round the course in a minimum of strokes, and anyone who can accomplish the enterprise in under a hundred bashes is entitled to credit and respect. I did it for the first time this morning, and the news will stun my circle of friends across the sea. If you 'll excuse me, I 'll be going and telling old Twingo about it." And there's a lively plot about an indiscreet diary which everyone wants to get hold of for the sake of profit or self-protection. It all goes forward with a series of bangs and the good old snappy dialogue runs to and fro. It is scarcely necessary to say that the story has a happy ending, for it is all more or less that. What distresses me about it is that it seems no longer very funny. Can it be that we have all outgrown Mr. Wodehouse ? Or was he never so good as we thought ? Or is his humour now dated and a trifle corny ? I do not know, but I cannot recommend this book without a warning that one of these seems to be the case.

I HAVE always suspected that under the gaily sophisticated, the cheerily callous manner of Mr. Noël Coward there lies hidden sentimentality of a lush and tearful kind, and that as a writer he longed for a good cry. In his new collection of short stories, *Star Quality*, it is blatantly, but not offensively, evident. I heartily enjoyed the book, and so will others whose throats are prone to lumps, whose eyes are ready to grow moist in the comforting darkness of the cinema. The first story is about two brothers, one Nasty and a film-star, the other Nice and a sailor. The second story concerns a happily married couple on a Pacific Island with a signed photograph of the King and Queen and a Union Jack on a flagstaff. Another, told with almost horrifying persuasiveness, is of a successful actress receiving an old lover whom she has not seen for many years and bursting into tears when she becomes aware that "in place of the gleaming white teeth that in the past had so tremendously enhanced his charm he was now exhibiting, with the utmost complacency, a double set of shining dentures surmounted by gums of gutta percha." Yet another is a most winning piece of comedy about a girl's first journey by air, to Jamaica to join her fiancé. Her friends and relations are not encouraging. "It's being burnt to death that I shouldn't like," says one of them. "How curious," said Louise tartly. "Most of us love it." And so on. Brittle is the time-honoured adjective for Mr. Coward's work, but although it is fair enough, it is grudging. There is such gusto in it, such delight in people and places and pursuits, such a very sincere love of a good situation, that the reader's response is never for a moment in doubt.

IT is pleasant to be able to recommend a collection of ghost stories. Several have been published lately which have relied too much on the overworked tricks and horrors which have scarcely changed since Horace Walpole made the English-speaking world shiver with his *Castle of Otranto*. This one enters new country, appallingly new, and though Miss Elizabeth Jane Howard and Mr. Robert Hickman, its joint authors, certainly intend to frighten the reader, they interest him too, and write beautifully to achieve it. Under the apt and exciting title *We Are For the Dark* they tell six tales, of which perhaps "The Trains" is the most blood-chilling, while "Perfect Love," the story of an Italian prima donna haunted by a ghost child is the most traditional in manner and content. "The Insufficient Answer" is too well-named, or I was too obtuse to understand its significance, while "Three Miles Up" is the most characteristic of these authors, macabre, even gruesome, but with a lyrical beauty of its own. The supernatural is, on the whole, an unrewarding subject for writers nowadays, for it can only satisfactorily be treated in a short story, for which the only medium of publication is a collection such as this, a collection which might be overlooked in the cataract of books being published just now. That would be a great pity, for this is unusually good of its exotic kind.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BEFORE THE SUNSET FADES.
By the Marchioness of Bath. With Decorations by Cecil Beaton. (*Longleat Estate Company ; 3s.*)

An account of the domestic economy, the social life below stairs, the traditions of hospitality, the ceremonies and graces of a great country house in the late Victorian and Edwardian eras. It is written with charm and nostalgia and amusingly decorated.

NEVER FIGHT A LADY.
By Seldon Truss. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 9s. 6d.*)

First-rate 'tec fiction. It gets away to a flying start and does not slow down for that long pull up about two-thirds through which beats most writers of this kind. Moreover, it is unusually mystifying and well-written.

GANDHI'S LETTERS TO A DISCIPLE.
(*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

Gandhi's English disciple, Madeleine Slade, who was known in India as Mira behn, corresponded with the Mahatma from 1924 till his assassination in 1948. Here are collected 351 of his letters, some mere notes, others long and interesting. They will give to many Occidental readers a new insight into the mind of the great Hindu leader.

OLD BANKSIDE.
By Grace Golden. (*Williams and Norgate ; 15s.*)

Story of the South Bank from mediæval times. Varied, anecdotal, authoritative.

MARCEL PROUST.
By Charlotte Haldane. (*Barker ; 7s. 6d.*)

A worthy addition to the excellent European Novelists Series.

THE HOLLOW HOUSE.
By Ursula Curtiss. (*Evans ; 8s. 6d.*)

Good murder mystery if you prefer horror to bewilderment, the creepy to the baffling.

MR. MERSTON'S MONEY.
By John Welcome. (*Constable ; 10s.*)

A well-tested formula—hunting, horse-racing, Ireland, gambling and only the lightest suggestion of love.

FONTEYN.
By William Chappell. (*Rockliff ; 21s.*)

A highly ornamental book, chiefly of the author's own recollections of Miss Fonteyn, with forty new photographs by Cecil Beaton.

THE QUEENMAKER.
By Philip Lindsay. (*Williams and Norgate ; 15s.*)

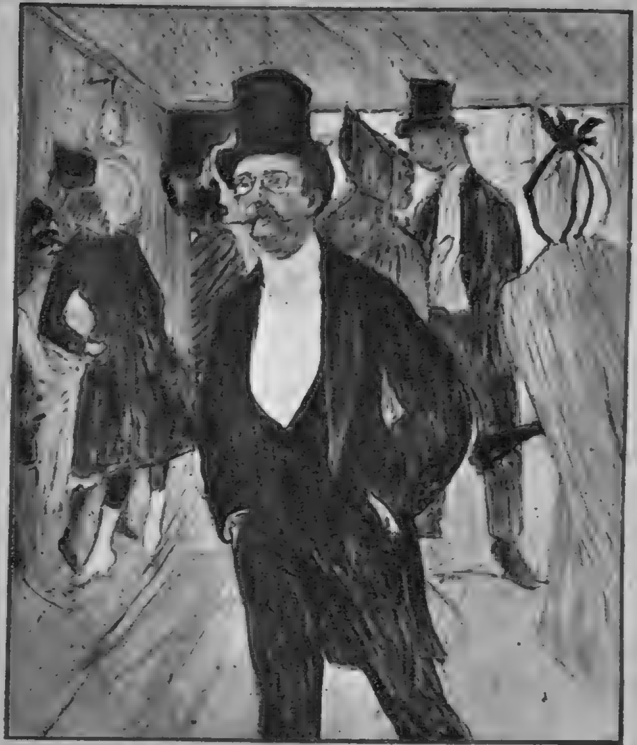
John Dudley Earl of Warwick carefully reconsidered.

IVOR NOVELLO.
By Peter Noble. (*Falcon Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

A large and ecstatic biography with a Foreword by Mr. Noël Coward.

Left:
Ayscough Boucherett and His Sister Amelia Mary is by the Regency painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence. A loan exhibition of his portraits is at Agnew's, 43, Old Bond Street, W.1, until June 23.

Right:
Monsieur Fourcade is one of the pictures by Henri de Toulouse Lautrec, painter of Parisian life in the '90's, to be seen at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142, New Bond Street, to June 30.



PICTURE GALLERY

Chosen by
Wilma Moy-Thomas

FROM current exhibitions here are some of the well-known highlights to be found in Bond Street galleries during June and July.

Left: Portrait of an Officer, by Franz Hals. The most important of the masterpieces on show at Wildenstein's until July 14.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

Politics made their first serious inroads into television during the latter end of last year with the programme "In the News," which rapidly became a smash-hit. Three of the "regulars": W. J. Brown, Robert Boothby and Dingle Foot.

LOOKING AROUND

WITH the temporary cessation of *In the News*, something like two million regular viewers will have to possess their political souls in patience until this programme recommences, some time in the autumn. Its success has been quite fantastic, not only in terms of numbers of viewers, but also of their appreciation. In fact, we hear that the viewer-research index for this programme has not fallen below 80 per cent. approval, and the main criticism seems to be that, at half an hour, it is not nearly long enough. All that for a broadcast which—reduced to its bones—consists of four politicians of varying dogmatic shades and varying personal beauty, arguing the toss about world affairs under the chairmanship of some impartial sitter-on-the-fence. Seems incredible, but there it is; something about it has caught the public's fancy and consistent attention. Is it the matter or the manner?

We discussed this over luncheon the other day with Robert Boothby, Conservative M.P. for Aberdeen and probably the most popular member of the regular *In the News* team, which also included W. J. Brown, Michael Foot, M.P., A. J. P. Taylor, and others.

"The success of *In the News* has been a pointer to the very important part which television will play in the politics of the future," Boothby declared. "From now the politician can reach right into the homes of the electorate. Formerly he has been just someone to read about in the papers, a remote figure stuck up on the platform of a political meeting or some disembodied voice on the radio. But television shows you the *man himself*, as well as telling you what he has to say—for you can't fool the television camera. If you really believe in what you 're saying, that will come across, but the bogus politician who just spouts a lot of party dogma like a lesson learnt by heart, will come badly unstuck.

"Another thing about our programme—it shows that the ordinary folk are much more interested in politics than they realise. Normally only a small proportion of the electorate ever go to a political meeting. Even fewer ever attend a meeting of any other persuasion except their own. So *In the News* not only provides the sugar-coated pill of politics, but a pill of every shade of colour."

Shela Ward as Juno, and John Kelly as "Captain" Jack Boyle (the "Paycock"), in Sean O'Casey's famous play, *Juno and the Paycock*, which proved disappointing and out of date when televised recently. Eric Fawcett produced.

One particular phrase in the above has given us somewhat seriously to think: "... *television shows you the man himself.*" In the case of a politician that may or may not be a good thing for the person concerned. Bob Boothby certainly has nothing to complain of. In a few months, television has made him into a popular celebrity whose autograph is inevitably in demand the moment he shows his nose in public. It has also shown—from the mere fact that perfect strangers hail him as "Bob"—that it is possible to be a Tory without necessarily being an arrogant, capitalistic snob with a ruling passion for grinding the faces of the poor (which has always struck us as an astonishing hobby). What effect has all this had? It must have increased his stature as a politician; it must have swung a considerable amount of future votes in the direction of his party.

But if television can make, it can surely also unmake. What would happen, we wonder, to some of the giants who now strut so majestically about the political scene? How many of them could afford to be reduced to life-size, as would automatically happen the moment they faced a television camera? Would their magic still hold?

This is a little problem to which we invite the attention of those who, even now, must be planning the campaigns for the next General Election. Up to now, television has not been used for this purpose. In the future, it most certainly will; parties will not only train their members to thump an effective tub, but will initiate them into the scarifying technique of television. For those, we have this piece of advice: learn the technique, by all means, but don't forget that what matters is 100 per cent. sincerity. "Television shows you the man himself."

Grandpa Maple (Gerald Lawson) shows his granddaughter Gabby (Jane Barrett) the insurance policy made out in her favour by Alan (Douglass Montgomery). The closing scene of Robert E. Sherwood's gripping play, *The Petrified Forest.*

Jackbooted hero and heroine (Michael Turner and Tarn Bassett) in a somewhat belligerent mood toward a friend in need (Denis Quilley) during R. L. Stevenson's *The Black Arrow*, which the Young Vic Company performed for the children.

LOOKING BACK

THE very last thing we expected when we settled ourselves down to watch Sean O'Casey's slummy classic, *Juno and the Paycock*, was to find that the play was ridiculously outdated. But that's how it was. We managed to raise not a chuckle, not a tear, scarcely a flicker of interest over its characters or their doings. But so much has happened since 1923. Nowadays a hard life is the rule rather than the subject for a play. It is no longer fashionable to cock a snook at conventions—there are so few left, anyway. And the time is past when facetiousness passes for wit. The evening might have been saved for us had the performances been great. But neither in Shela Ward's Juno or in John Kelly's "Captain" could one detect that subtle magnetism of charm which alone can justify this strange couple. As for the rest of the cast—especially Tony Quinn as "Joxer"—we hope never again to see such a riot of overplaying. Eric Fawcett (who produced) cannot have felt happy. He set and maintained a swift pace. But surely the goings-on must have depressed him as much as they bored us.

So let us turn to something rather better—in fact, really brilliant: Royston Morley's production of *The Petrified Forest*, by Robert E. Sherwood. In it, each in their different way, Douglass Montgomery, Jane Barrett and Robert Ayres gave superb performances as the idle dreamer who can only fulfil himself by dying, the young girl who dreams of a future devoted to culture, and the murdering gangster who has burned the boats of society behind him. For a brief hour or so these three ill-assorted lives meet in a café in the Arizona desert, and the three artists, abetted by Messrs. Sherwood and Morley, held us spellbound for the same length of time.

Not so Denis Constanduros who wrote, Leonard Brett who produced, or Rachel Kempson, Norman Claridge and John Witty who played the leads in *Hail and Farewell.* The fault was chiefly the author's. The impression we got was that, two-thirds of the way through, he had forgotten what the play was to be about and had finished it as something quite different. Dr. Mansfield begins as a drunken boor who practically drives his wife into the arms of a former admirer. He ends up as a benign philosopher. The wife begins harassed, misunderstood and rather tragic, and suddenly turns into a giggling moron. The lover is supposed to be no end of a wolf, and next moment he is drooling like an amorous adolescent. Pity, because it had the makings of a good play.

We were glad to note that the second instalment of *The Passing Show* was even better than the first. Wisely enough, more accent was placed on the musical production numbers, this time, than on the personal happenings to the linking four characters.

On the same evening, a lunatic basket-ball O.B. between the fabulous Harlem Globetrotters and the Boston Whirlwinds was great fun. Presumably, it is useless to hope that commentator Patrick Burns will modify his whirlwind transatlantic accent and manner or his boyish enthusiasm which at times turns his commentaries into a hideous scream. But we would enjoy the events at which he officiates at the microphone, if he did.

LOOKING AHEAD

THE Light Entertainment Department's specially written musical which we mentioned in the Festival issue has now got a name, *The Golden Year*—which is how Queen Victoria summed up 1851, in which the Great Exhibition took place. This does, in fact, provide the background for the story, written by Jack Hulbert and Barry Baker. Harry S. Pepper has composed the music to James Dyrenforth's lyrics, Walton Anderson will produce, and Jack Hulbert, Sally Ann Howes and Peter Graves are to play the leads. All this is scheduled for June 23 and July 2.

Apart from that, we recommend to your attention:

June 17.—E. Nesbitt's *Five Children and It*—a serial for the children. *Dear Brutus*, by J. M. Barrie, with Mary Jerrold, Aubrey Mather and Toke Townley (Lob). Producer: Kevin Sheldon. (Repeat 21st.)

June 18.—Royal Tournament O.B.

June 21.—First of the O.Bs. covering the second Test Match, from Lord's.

June 24.—*A Little Price*, by Christopher Mayhew. (Repeat 28th.)

June 25.—First of the Wimbledon O.Bs.

June 26.—Special showing of the Italian film *Paisa.*

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Royston Morley: Not only for his brilliant production of Robert E. Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest*, but for a long series of superbly-directed plays, like *Henry V.*, to mention only one recent example.

WHAT GOES ON

Coming Events and Interesting Personalities

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

SPORTING AND OTHER EVENTS

June 6. The Royal Tournament at Earls Court, until June 23. The Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, until June 21.

June 7. Trooping the Colour Ceremony on Horse Guards Parade. Richmond Royal Horse Show at Richmond, Surrey (three days). First Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa at Trent Bridge, Nottingham (five days).

June 8. Festival of Music and the Arts at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, until June 17.

June 12, 13. Covent Garden Flower Show in the Flower Market, Covent Garden.

June 12-15. Royal Ascot Race Meeting. Gold Cup Day, 14th.

June 19. Theatrical Garden Party in Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage.

June 20. Mozart Opera Festival at Glyndebourne, Sussex, until July 21.

June 21. Second Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at Lord's (six days).

June 23. Athletics: Harvard and Yale *v.* Oxford and Cambridge, at White City Stadium.

June 25. International Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, until July 7.

June 29. National Rose Society Summer Show at Royal Horticultural Hall, London.

July 2. Festival of British Contemporary Music at Cheltenham, until July 14. British Open Golf Championships at Royal Portrush, N. Ireland (six days).

July 3. Royal Agricultural Society of England Show at Cambridge (four days).

July 4. Henley Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames (four days).

July 5. Third Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at Old Trafford, Manchester (five days).

July 7. Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match at Lord's (three days).

July 9. Rifle Shooting Prize Meeting at Bisley, until July 21.

July 12-14. Aldershot Show.

July 13, 14. Eton and Harrow Cricket Match at Lord's.

July 16. Regency Festival at Brighton, until Aug. 25.

July 23. International Horse Show at White City, London (six days).

July 26. Fourth Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at Leeds (five days).

July 31. Goodwood Race Meeting (four days).

Aug. 6. Royal National Eisteddfod at Llanrwst, Denbighshire (six days).

Aug. 7-10. Cowes Regatta Week. Dublin Horse Show.

Aug. 16. Fifth Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at the Oval (five days).

Aug. 19. Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama, until Sept. 8.

ENTERTAINMENT

"The Hollow" (Fortune)—a new play by Agatha Christie, with Jeanne de Casalis. June 7.

"Happy Go Lovely" (Warner Theatre)—a British musical film in Technicolor starring David Niven, Vera-Ellen and Cesar Romero. June 8.

"White Corridors" (Leicester Square Theatre)—a film about life in a small town hospital, with Googie Withers, James Donald, Moira Lister and Godfrey Tearle. June 14.

"Skating Vanities of 1951," at Empire Pool, Wembley. June 15.

"Ace in the Hole" (Plaza Theatre)—an American film about the adventures of a tough newspaper reporter, starring Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling. June 15.

"The Cenci" (New Boltons)——Peter Cotes' production of Shelley's tragedy, with Joan Miller as Beatrice. June 19.

"Waggonload of Monkeys"—a new comedy by R. F. Delderfield, with Jimmy Hanley, Joyce Heron and Gabrielle Brune. Due West End third week in June.

"The Tempest" (Memorial Theatre, Stratford)—Festival production opening June 26.

"Penny Plain" (St. Martin's)—an intimate revue, with Joyce Grenfell, Max Adrian, Elizabeth Welch and Desmond Walter-Ellis. Third week in June.

Red Skelton at the Palladium for four weeks, from July 2.

Sadler's Wells Ballet returns to Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on July 3 for a further season.

"Rose-Marie on Ice" (Harringay Arena)—Barbara-Ann Scott and cast of 200. July 5 for a three-month season.

SOCIAL EVENTS

June 8. The Eton Mission Ball at the Dorchester.

June 13. The Guards Boat Club Ascot Ball at Maidenhead.

June 16. The Cygnets' Ball at Claridge's.

June 19. The Royal and Merchant Navy Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Dinner-dance with cabaret.

June 20. A Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the National Baby Welfare Council. Dinner, dancing and cabaret; tickets—three guineas each.

June 27. The Midsummer Festival Ball, in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, at the Dorchester. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

June 28. The première of the film "The Lavender Hill Mob," in aid of the centenary funds of St. John's School, Leatherhead, at the Odeon, Marble Arch.

July 2. The annual N.S.P.C.C. Ball at the Dorchester. Champagne dinner, cabaret, midnight buffet, Bill Savill's band; tickets—three guineas.

July 3. A Ball at the Savoy in aid of the Educational Fund Appeal of the Royal College of Nursing. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

July 4. Royal Military Academy Ball at Sandhurst. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

July 9. A Festival gala performance of Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, in aid of Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund. The Queen will attend.

July 12. A Ball at the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell. The Duchess of Gloucester will attend.

July 13. The Eton Beagle Hunt Ball at the Savoy. The Hurlingham Ball at Hurlingham Club.

Pearl Freeman.

TO BE MARRIED: On June 18, Miss Pamela Carlyon, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. Carlyon, of Yaxley House, Suffolk, to Mr. Roger St. George Hedley, Royal Fusiliers, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. W. St. G. Hedley, of Staplehay, Trull, Somerset.

Lenare.

ENGAGED: Elizabeth, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, of Shaw Farm, Tockenham, Wooton Bassett, Wilts, to Brian, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keeling, of Hurst House, Sedlescombe, Sussex.

Fayer.

ENGAGED: Patricia, daughter of Lady Cruise, of 34, Wimpole Street, W.1, and Winslow, Bucks, and the late Sir Richard Cruise, G.C.V.O., F.R.C.S., and Evan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cameron, of 146, Harley St., W.1, and Sutton, Surrey.

Yevonde.

TO BE MARRIED: On June 19, at Ascot, Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Bulteel, of Royal Enclosure Lodge, Ascot, to Captain R. F. B. Reynardson, Grenadier Guards, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. B. Reynardson, of Adwell House, Tetsworth, Oxon.

Fayer.

ENGAGED: Una-Mary, daughter of Mrs. Nepean-Gubbins, of 11, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, and of Mr. H. P. N. Gubbins, to Archibald Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Parker, of St. Leonard's Lodge, Clewer Green, Windsor.

Navana Vandyk.

TO BE MARRIED: on June 16, Patricia, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. K. A. Boxshall, of Warreleigh, Budleigh Salterton, to Lieut. T. H. J. Morris, Royal Marines, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. J. B. Morris, of Slinfold, Sussex.

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: on June 22, Patricia Anne, daughter of Mr. R. H. Turner, Greyfriars, Hog's Back, and Mrs. Turner, 56, Curzon Street, W.1, to David Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Clifton, Moor Cottage, Hambledon, Surrey.

Lenare.

TO BE MARRIED: on June 9, Sheena Margaret, daughter of the late Lewis Grant, and of Mrs. W. S. Grant, of Orton House, Morayshire, to Peter Alexander, son of the late Capt. R. A. Bence-Trower, and of Mrs. Bence-Trower, of States, Medmenham, Bucks.

Harlip.

TO BE MARRIED: on June 23, Susan, daughter of the Archdeacon of Westminster and Mrs. S. J. Marriott, 1, Little Cloister, S.W.1, to Richard Franey Britten, Brent Hall, Boreham, Chelsford, son of the late Major R. Spencer Britten and of Mrs. Holbrook.

Pearl Freeman.

TO BE MARRIED: on June 16, Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. Anthony Buxton, of Horsey Hall, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, to Michael Walter, son of Major and Mrs. Walter Bonn, of The Grove, St. Lawrence, Jersey.

THEATRE: Jeanne de Casalis has the lead in Agatha Christie's new play, *The Hollow*, at the Fortune Theatre.

CABARET: Helene Robert, young French singer, is now making a return visit to the Berkeley Restaurant.

CABARET: Senor Carlos, amusing American balloon sculptor, is at the Savoy Restaurant for a short season.

OPERA: Victoria de los Angeles, 25-year-old Spanish soprano, sings several times this month at Covent Garden.

CABARET: "Bea" Lillie will make a welcome return to the Café de Paris on June 11.

CINEMA: Jan Sterling and Kirk Douglas co-star in *Ace in the Hole* at the Plaza on June 15.

CABARET: Dawlath Soliman, King Farouk's favourite dancer, is now at the Embassy Club, Bond Street.

CINEMA: Gene Tierney and Danny Kaye are together in *On the Riviera* at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Opening June 7.

WELCOME TO S.S. *PATRICIA*

THE largest ship to enter the Port of London celebrated the event with a luncheon on board, on Monday, May 28. S.S. *Patricia*, of the Swedish-Lloyd Company, sailed recently on her maiden voyage from her British builders on the Tyne, and she had just returned from Gothenburg.

Left: The captain of the *Patricia*, Captain A. E. Pehrson, on the bridge of his ship with Lord Mountbatten, who attended the luncheon.

Right: Other guests were (l. to r.) the Rt. Hon. Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, the Marquess of Salisbury, and Mr. K. R. Bokman, C.B.E., managing director of Swedish-Lloyd.

Below: President of the Board of Trade Sir Hartley Shawcross examined a portrait of Mr. Churchill, which is embodied in a carved wood relief in the first-class bar entitled *Bacchus and the English Poets*. It was designed by Hubert Lärn of Gothenburg, and carried out by Helny and Bengt Lindekrantz.

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COTTON FOR COOLNESS AND CHIC

By Veronica Lee

On the left: Suitable for almost every summer occasion is this well-cut frock in fine cambric cotton made by Horrocks. Most reasonably priced at just under £6, you can have it in grey and white, green and white, tan and white, or blue and white, from Galleries Lafayette of Regent Street, or Marshall and Snelgrove in Manchester.

Below: Especially good for town wear is this red and black check cotton, also made by Horrocks, which you can get at Marshall and Snelgrove in London, Bon Marché of Liverpool, or Country Clothes of Cheltenham. Other colours are ink-blue and black, or gold and black ; price about £6 14s.

For comfortable walking, here is one of Joyce's new Catty Corner series. There are three styles—a plain pump as in the picture, an instep strap, or an anklet. Principal features of these shoes are the concave heel which gives a much lighter appearance than the ordinary wedge ; the squared toe, and the flash of secondary colour on the heel. The main colour combinations are black or navy with secondary colours : yellow, blue, fuschia or tan. The price is 66s., and you can get a matching belt for about 10s. From Peter Jones, Marshall and Snelgrove's country shops, Russell and Bromley of Bond Street, or the Pompadour Room at Lilley and Skinner.

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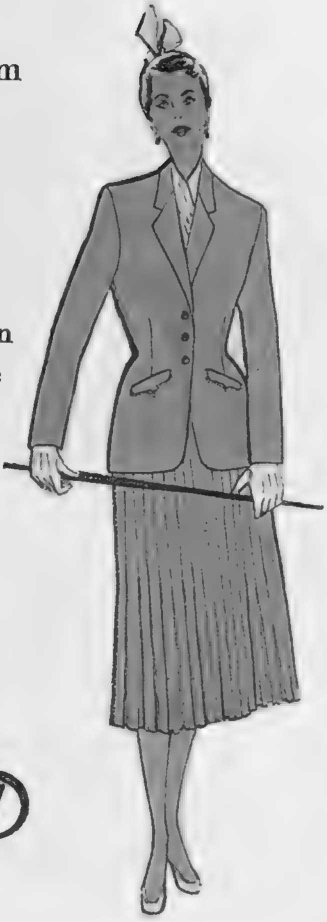

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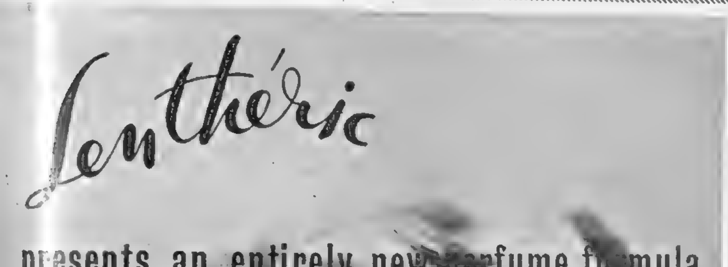

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SUN SEPARATES

By Veronica Lee

GONE is the day when "any old thing will do for the beach"; matching separates should now form the most important part of your holiday wardrobe. Druce of Baker Street offer these suggestions for seaside or garden wear.

Right: For the beach: printed bra', shorts and "dry-off" coat. The coat is cosily lined with white towelling; the print is seersucker with a pineapple design in either green and black, or lemon and black. Complete, it costs £7 19s. 6d.

Below: Here is the perfect four-piece in candy stripes—blouse and skirt which, worn together, look like a dress, and bra' and shorts; and the blouse, of course, can be effectively teamed up with the shorts. Colours: blue and white, grey and white, and brown and white. Price: 8½ guineas complete.

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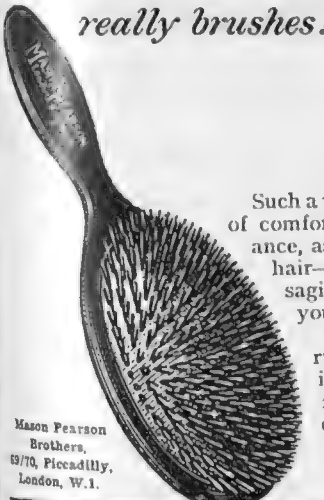

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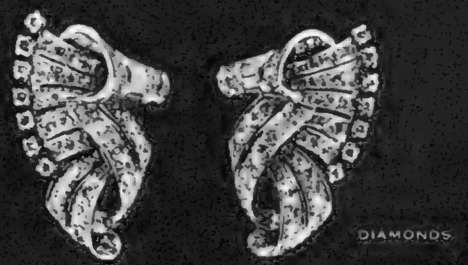

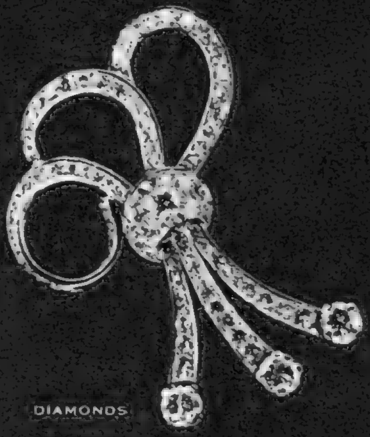

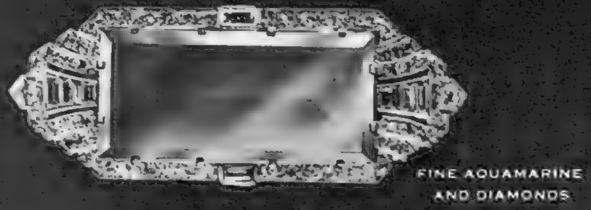

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The Odd Half-Page

DO YOU KEEP A SHEEP-ROTATOR?

By James Dowdall

UNTIL recently, I used to think that sleeping, with the exception of being dead, was the most negative operation which one could possibly perform. How wrong I was. After reading the catalogue of an American "Sleep Shop" on 45th Street, I realise that sleeping is one of the most complicated of the modern arts and that only by mastering its vital statistics, bibliography and the proper use of "sleep-aids, adjuvants and accessories" can the beginner ever hope to climb upwards to diploma status.

The book—it runs to twenty-six pages—is entitled *How to Sleep Successfully. By Norman Dine; Public Sandman No. 1.* In spite of its soporific impulse, it opens with a blare of publicity for "The Sandman's" dynamic adjutants which is worded to knock enthusiasm for the Cause into a corpse. His second-in-command, "an eclectic sleep expert who has yet to meet a sleep problem that his resourcefulness can't unsnarl," is also responsible, paradoxically enough, for keeping "The Sandman" on his toes; while No. 3 finds that "insomniacs' sleep problems keep him constantly awake." The team also includes "our Lullaby Lady," who teaches mothers to sing their infants to sleep!

On the next page there are offered an electric hand-masseur to loosen the Knotted Nerves, an electric "Exercycle" which tires you out by putting you through the motions of bicycling without effort on your part, and "The Lullapine. Set it on the bed table and snap the switch. It hums a constant drowsing tone and dispels relaxing pine fragrance, which becomes surprisingly soporific." Overleaf is the "Relax Record" for your phonograph, which teaches you how to slumber at will, "created by Milton Feher who teaches professionals how to relax"—which indicates that even the modern sleeping-pro may yet have something to learn. Below it are the "Pulsating Relaxer" which sends soothing undulations through your mattress, and the "Metronomic Luller" which, besides humming a soft, bee-like note, flashes a rhythmic glow-light like that of a distant lighthouse. Next we meet the "Pendiculation Plaque"—a bas-relief of a face, contorted in a monstrous yawn which, stood near the pillow, is "an irresistible yawn-inducer. $3.95." And beside it a mechanical merry-go-round of model sheep, ticketed: "Ingenious, numbered Sheep-rotator, goes round and round, drowsingly. $7.75."

Next come head-warmers for the bald, electric bedsocks, ear-pads, and "The Blessed Sleep Shade—shuts out *all* light. Down-padded to permit lids and lashes to move freely . . .", which has also a "Peep-hole Model—For sleepers who are extra-prudent or are victims of claustrophobia. Tiny peep-holes give instant visibility without impairing black-out." There are humidifiers which spray a gallon of atomised water into central-heated rooms during the night, generators of artificial sea-breezes, "Anti-Peeping-Tom" blinds for those who like open windows, and devices to stop your husband snoring.

If you are disturbed by noises from the flat above, 15 cents will buy you a set of "Polite Neighbor League Pleas. A card for each classical unneighborly noise, 8 altogether, from radios to pets. Colorfully printed and illustrated, each pleads, politely and poetically, with your unthinking neighbor. . . ." If your sleep is marred by the subconscious dread of the jangling alarm-clock next morning, you can get one which will whisper urgently into your ear, "Wake up, please!" or break into music or flash a light into your eyes. There are anti-fire and burglar sirens and cigarette-holders to prevent you burning the bed. For those who like munching themselves to sleep there are the "Sunshine CHEEZ-IT crackers. Clever and crumbless, they are *bite-size*—leave nary a crumb." And finally, for jilted lovers, there is the heart-shaped "Heartbreak Pillow. Receives your tears. Weeping is easing and restful for pent-up emotions. Pillow is moisture resistant. Removable quilted satin. Zipper. $3.95."

The Sleep-shop experts estimate that one-and-three-quarter million New Yorkers sleep "raw," and perhaps more, allowing for false returns like that of a certain Embassy official who, when pulled out of bed and brought downstairs to answer their questionnaire, was noticed to be wearing pyjamas with immaculate creases down the trousers. Though the habit is bad for the sleep-suit trade, the Sleep Shop gracefully bow to it and, under the heading "How to sleep raw securely," lay it down that while "sleep is delightfully refreshing when the body is emancipated from binding garments . . ." point out that raw sleepers have all the greater need for electric blankets and expensive sheets.

Their beds and mattresses range from "90% to 20% resiliency," a 70%er being advised for "High motility sleepers" who, in their constant turn-overs, need something to grip on to. And for just under 600 dollars you can buy the ultimate in beds—"The Modern Escape Bed," incorporating remote controls for television, radio and phonograph and for regulating "temperature, humidity and breezes," with "instant access to favourite literature, beverages and snacks." Since, presumably, this bed is designed for pros and amateur sleeping internationals, "Favourite literature" should be selected from the Sleep Shop's text-books on the sport: "Freud *vs.* Sleep Shop," "Men of Sleep Distinction," "How to Outwit a Tyrant in Bedroom" and "Does the Kinsey Report favor Double Beds?" Lastly, the 18-handicap sleeper, who has not fully mastered the art of getting into and lying in bed, can see how it should be done at demonstrations in the Sleep Shop window by a rota of luscious ladies who, according to Walter Winchel, "probably wouldn't get by in the films or shows."

It seems that England has a lot to learn. Yet if the Sleep Shop wants a new line in Relax Records, there is at least one British politician whose party broadcasts might bring him a fortune if he is ever out of work.

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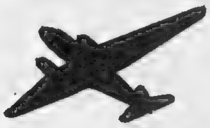

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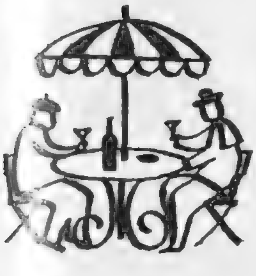

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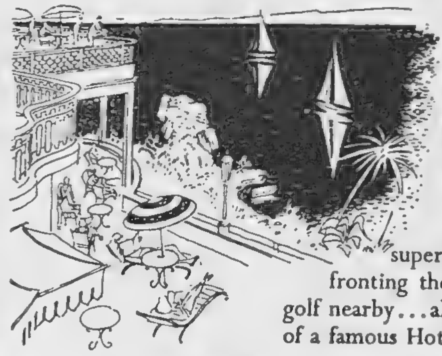

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—*Festival of Britain 1951*—

"VENTILE" FABRIC HAS BEEN SELECTED FOR DISPLAY IN THE POLAR EXPLORATION SECTION OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY. "VENTILE" FABRICS, AND GARMENTS MADE FROM "VENTILE" FABRICS, MAY ALSO BE SEEN IN OTHER SECTIONS OF THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION.

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"Double Century" is the sherry of all sherries. Some are too dry; some too sweet. "Double Century" is a Sherry to suit all tastes, selected specially to celebrate the 200th birthday of the famous house of Pedro Domecq.

Try a bottle or a glass today and see if you ever tasted such a lovely wine.

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If your taste is for a dry wine - ask for Domecq's "Fino La Ina"

There are many imitations but only one

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Nothing is so healthful and comfortable as a cellular weave for men's and boys' underwear, for blouses for women and girls, and for corsets and pyjamas. All these garments are made in AERTEX, but to avoid imitations always look for the Aertex label. φ2

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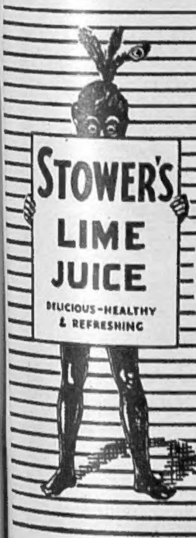

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Fine Swiss watches can be bought from all good jewellers. No shop has exclusive rights. To keep your watch always at top-level performance, consult the repair expert at your jeweller's. No one else is so competent to give your watch the professional care it deserves.

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

"South African Sherry for me every time

So I've converted you, too, then?

You certainly have! Do you remember you told me to look specially for the fine South African sherries. Since then I've found some which are just exactly to my taste.

And don't you find them easy on the pocket, too? That means something these days!

Yes, how is it they can send us such remarkably good wines at such a reasonable price?

Well, there are two reasons: that amazing climate of theirs at the Cape, and then the Preferential Duty.

No wonder South African Sherry is becoming so popular, then.

It deserves to be. Do you know they've been making wine in South Africa for nearly 300 years. With all that experience behind them and the splendid organization they have now built up, they're able to produce the very highest quality. Their really fine wines are matured for many years before they're shipped to this country.

I suppose we can now say, then, that South Africa is one of the leading wine producing countries?

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SAWFA

SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION
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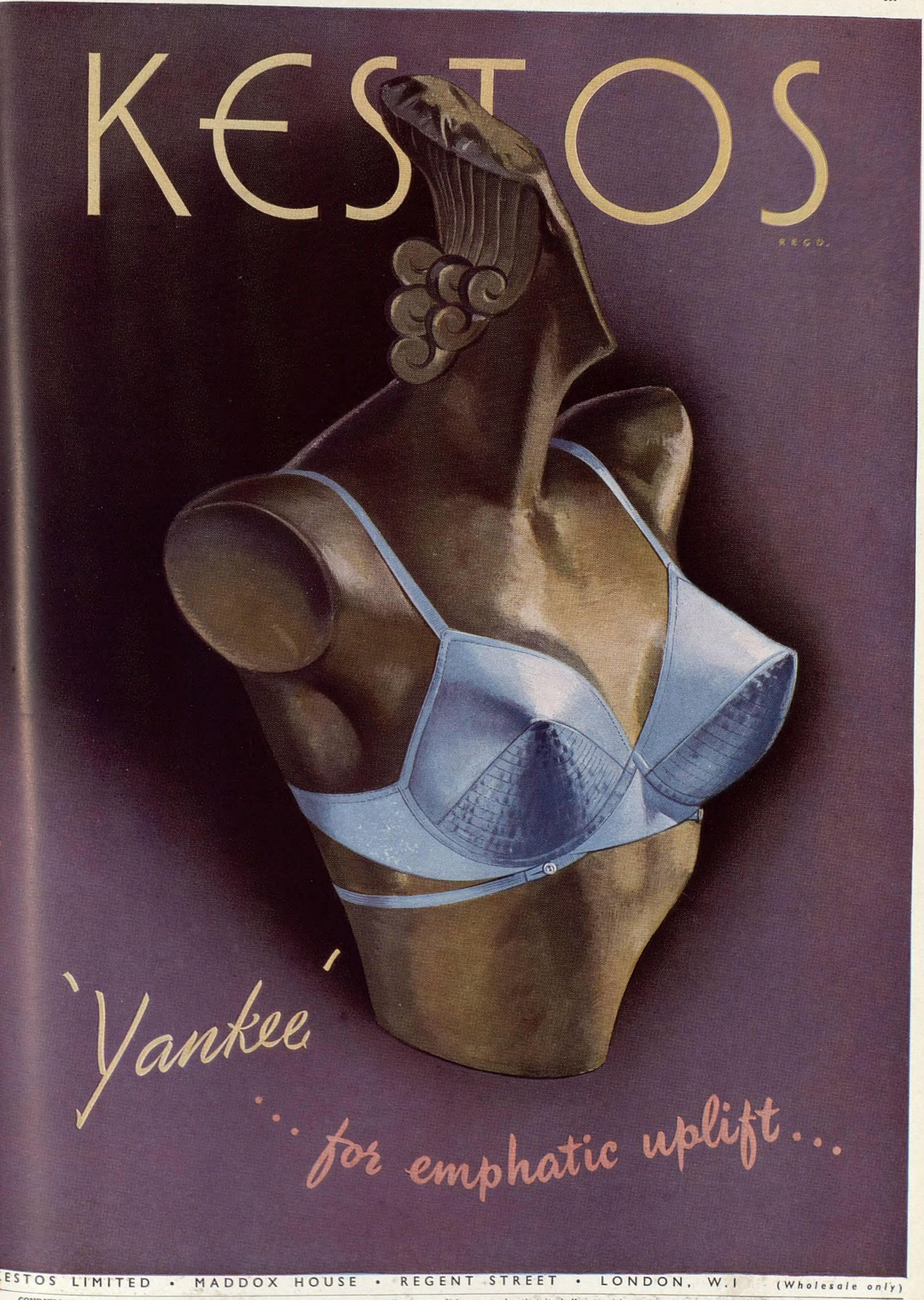

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, June 6, 1951. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.) under the Act of March 3, 1879.